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No. 199.

I BRING YOU LEAVES.

BY PIERRE ST. JULIAN.

I bring you leaves of many a hue,
All fallen leaves from a summer gone;
Yet not quite dead, for still they speak to you
In a language sad—as sad as true;
Of a bleeding heart, a life torn.

I bring you leaves as yellow as gold,
I pray you will read each silent leaf,
Till they tell to you the tale they told;
When I gathered them up, so damp and cold,
From where they fell in their silent grief.

I bring you leaves, magenta and red,
All penciled with the hues of Autumn sheen;
And I bring with them a single silkened
A heart beats as if made of lead,
Yet once was light as the leaves, I ween.

I bring you leaves of purple and dun—
Ah, dying leaves, is it sad to know?
Each kiss you win from a summer's sun
Will but prove him false, as one by one
You seek a grave in the Winter's snow?

I bring you leaves from the forest trees,
And with them leaves from furtive years;
Will you accept them? Yes, even these?
For they're only the bitter lea
I found in my cup of scalding tears.

ONE-ARMED ALE, The Giant Hunter of the Great Lakes;

THE MAID OF MICHIGAN.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR OF 1812.

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "DEATH NOTCH," "BOY S.P.Y.," "OLD SOLDIERS," "HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I

THE MEETING IN THE FOREST.

The sun of a summer day, of the year of 1812, had long since risen, sending its warmth to the very roots of the great trees, when a human voice was heard in the depth of the wilderness, some ten leagues east of where the Muskegon river pays tribute to the vast expanse of Lake Michigan: not a savage war-whoop nor a cry of distress, but a call which was immediately answered from a point not far distant. The call was that of an Indian who stood in a little open area, or glade, surrounded by tall trees and walled in beneath with a dense growth of underbrush. He was a chief of the Ojibways, as the peculiarities of his dress and application of the various colored pigments upon his face denoted—a tall, athletic-looking fellow in the very prime of a vigorous life. His shoulders were broad and massive; his chest deep and swelling, and his limbs well-proportioned and muscular. His swarthy features were thoroughly Indian, subtle and cunning in expression. His small black eyes, glittering like beads of fire, were full of the vindictive craft of his race, while the thin lips and broad, flat nose with dilated nostrils, showed a predominance of energy and passion.

His majestic form was wrapped in a blanket of English manufacture, and its cleanliness was indicative of its newness. In his girdle hung a tomahawk and scalping-knife, while he stood leaning upon a rifle, which was also of English manufacture, and was evidently a new acquisition to the chieftain's private arsenal.

The glade wherein this Ojibway stood, was covered with a growth of short grass; this, however, was trampled down and partially dead, while here and there were the remnants of recent camp-fires. There were three or four narrow passages through the surrounding thicket converging there, and upon these paths the Indian kept a close, keen watch as if he were expecting some one.

As the moments wore away into minutes he started suddenly, when he heard a slight rustle in the undergrowth along one of the passages; and then a light of satisfaction kindled in his black, glittering eyes when he caught the flash of something red among the foliage. A moment later a white man dressed in the scarlet uniform of a British officer, stepped into the opening before him.

This second person was a man of about forty years, whose bloated face and bloodshot eyes told of a life of dissipation; and the hard lines about his eyes and mouth betrayed a wicked, unscrupulous character. His uniform denoted the rank of lieutenant of infantry, though he had no regular command, having been commissioned by the king for past services among the Indians.

"Waugh!" ejaculated the Indian, as he entered the opening, "English chief come at last—Black Bird been here ever since sun look over the trees."

"Yes, yes, red-skin," replied the officer. "I heard your call several minutes ago, and answered it at once. Where are the other chiefs?"

"They come soon—ugh! Big Elk come now."

The English lieutenant turned and saw the chief referred to enter the opening. He was immediately followed by another and still another, until not less than a dozen chiefs were assembled. Each was the head sachem, or representative of the different northern tribes, both north and south of the Great Lakes; and was armed with a new rifle and wrapped in a new blanket—all of English supply, and strong proof of deep machinations on the part of the British crown.

That they were there by appointment, was evident from the circumstances under which they met, as well as the presence of the English officer there in that isolated spot of the great wilderness.

Having kindly and cordially welcomed the arrival of the last chief in his smooth, bland way, Lieutenant Ensign Mackclogan seated himself upon the ground in true Indian style, and drew from his pocket a handsomely-ornamented pipe, which he proceeded to load and light.

While he was thus engaged, the chiefs, following his example, seated themselves in a circle upon the grass, when Mackclogan announced that the pipe of peace would be passed around, after which ceremony they would enter into a solemn pow-wow.

The seal of Indian friendship was first passed from Mackclogan to Black Bird, who took a few whiffs and passed it to the next. In this manner it passed from one to another, until it again came into the hands of the white man.



The Giant Hunter and his hound.

Black Bird now arose, and with solemn dignity, announced the great council open, to which he added:

"Chiefs and brothers of the great Ojibways, Ottawas, Pottawatomies, Hurons and Chippewas, the war-chief of our father across the great salt lake has called us here in council. Each of you carry a new rifle and a new blanket, but where did you get them? Our Canada father gave them to us, and he has promised us many more. He has sent his war-chief to meet us here and give us the news from his people. Let us hear him while we speak."

Black Bird sat down, and Lieutenant Mackclogan arose and began his speech. As he proceeded, his low, dark brows became knitted and the spirit of evil was visible upon every lineament of his repulsive, bloated face. He was smooth-tongued and deceitful, and had long been one of the mercenary tools of the British in America, employed to use his diplomatic powers among the Indians, to keep up a feeling of prejudice toward our people. He was at heart a bad man, and all the evil of his soul cropped out upon his features and in his language, quite naturally.

Before he had proceeded far with his speech, however, he was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a new-comer, whose presence caused his face to brighten, and his eyes to sparkle with an eager, anxious light, despite the murmur of indignation that passed from the lips of the assembled chiefs.

CHAPTER II.

THE RUM-TRADER.

The intruder was a white man well-known to the Indians and Mackclogan as Whisky Mug, a name contracted from Jabez Muggins, and an odd specimen of humanity he was, his very presence evoking a spirit of mirth. He was about forty years of age, short, thick and heavy set. His face was broad and beardless; his eyes keen, bright and sparkling; and his mouth large, yet wreathed in a quaint, comical smile. Withal, Jabez Muggins was a rough-looking individual, yet the personification of a free-and-easy good-naturedness that was not in harmony with his surroundings. He was dressed in a garb, half-civilized and half-savage, and wore an old coon-skin cap from which the fur had all been worn off until the crown glittered like a bald poll, giving him an appearance as odd and quaint as an old Tou-tou professor.

He possessed no weapons of any kind, but at his back he carried a small wooden keg by means of straps attached to each end of the vessel, and passing over the left shoulder and under the right arm. To this strap was attached, by means of a buck-skin string, a small tin cup of antiquated appearance.

As he entered the glade, the whisky-trader seemed greatly surprised at the presence of the councilors.

"What brings you here, you old sot?" exclaimed Mackclogan, in apparent anger.

"What brings me?" replied the whisky-trader; "why, my legs in course, Mack; but, I'll be

smashed into thunders, if I knowned you hipopolorum of the peninsula was tucked in yero—no, I just slid in to count my loss and gain, and take a chunk of sleep; but I'll be hugged to death by the poorest little leetle squaw on the p'nt, if I ain't in luck, for I know you're all drier than fish a million leagues from water."

As he thus spoke Muggins removed his keg from his back, and placing it upon the ground, seated himself upon it; then crossing his short legs, and folding his arms over his breast, regarded the councilors with a look of comical indifference.

"Do you know, Whisky Mug," asked the Englishman, "that your wares are liable to confiscation?"

"Confiscation? Wherefore, Mack? Expostulate a little," demanded the trader, with a quizzical grin.

"You are an intruder on sacred ground—so to speak; you are within the council-lodge of the great Indian tribes of the north."

"Scat!" drawled the whisky-trader, with a chuckle; "you're spoutin' now, lieutenant. Even if you have met to confab over your affairs and such, arn't I the guidin'-star of yer joy—yer guardian angel, come with light and sunshine and joy and liquid intelligence plugged up here in ole Knowledge-Box?"

So saying, the whisky-trader sprung to his feet, and, with a business-like whistle, proceeded to draw a cup of whisky. This done, he drank the liquor himself, permitting it to gurgle down his throat in a manner intended to whet the thirst of the Indians; and was soon engaged in dealing out whisky to the councilors, drinking about every fifth cupful himself. One drain, however, only served to sharpen the Indians' inordinate love for the liquor, and so the second and third drinks were called for and dealt out, the trader continuing to take his intermediate potations; so that by the time the third drink was completed, he began to tremble and his voice to thicken.

The Indians were just beginning to feel the effect of their potations when the fourth was called for; but, to their surprise and regret, they found that the trader had fallen into his old habit of drinking twice to every man's once, thereby getting so beastly drunk that he had failed to close the faucet, and let the remnants of the whisky run out upon the ground, while he fell backward upon the grass in his drunken stupor.

"See here, Whisky Mug," cried Mackclogan, "you shall not sleep here; get up and begone at once."

"Durned if I do (hic) Britisher," muttered the trader, with a drunken leer, "fur I've (hic) done the fat thing by you (hic) drunken dogs—ho, what a gal-arious (hic) Injin summer's this—all's hizy's a dream; and oh, (hic) how the trees 're dancing—hek it down ole oak (hic) up sides and down middle tha, (hic) Mack—"

And the trader sunk heavily to the earth in a drunken sleep, but, with an oath, Mackclogan gave him a kick with his booted foot and succeeded in arousing him again.

"See here, Muggins," he said, "you must either leave her, or swear by the Great Spirit that—yea, he may be the Spirit of the Wilderness!"

"Durned if I do," muttered the trader; "I don't swear (hic) by the Great Spirit—swear by Popo—catty-pettle's burnin' mountin' (hic) so I do; so you durned hipo—(hic) can go on with yer rat-killin' and let me slum'er sweetly (hic)."

The whisky-trader sunk into a deep slumber, from which he could not be aroused; but the occasional delirious starts and cries, which seemed to throw him into convulsions almost, were sufficient evidence of his total prostration, which would, perhaps, last for hours.

The councilors, however, had not imbibed so deeply as to lose sight of the object of their meeting, and when Mackclogan had assured himself that no liquor remained in the cask, he called the chiefs' attention and continued the speech so abruptly broken off by the whisky-trader.

By his specious promises of all necessary aid from the British crown, and his incendiary falsehoods regarding the objects of the Yankees in prosecuting a war with Great Britain, he well succeeded in arousing the wildest passions of the assembled chiefs, and elicited from Black Bird the following reply:

"The words of our white brother have sunk deep in our hearts. We are ready to strike the blow that will free our land forever. We have waited for this time to come. When the new moon has come then will the Ojibways, the Ottawas, the Hurons, the Pottawatomies and the Chippewas be gathered together in the forests of Michigan. Mackinaw must fall; then we will sweep southward and take many scalps upon the Muskegon and Kilamazoo. The Spirit of the Woods, too, must be destroyed, for his victims are many, and he fills the heart of the red-man with terror."

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"Who is the Spirit of the Wilderness, Black Bird?" interrupted Mackclogan.

"No one knows. He is an enemy that has never been seen. He shoots down our people when they go alone into the forest to hunt the deer. The crack of his rifle has often been heard, yet his footsteps have never been found. He shoots our warriors through the heart with a bullet so small that its track can scarcely be found."

"He's some white hunter or avenger I dare say," said Mackclogan, "some Yankee scout."

"We have not seen nor heard of any white avenger. There is but one white man outside of the Muskegon settlement on these hunting grounds, and him the Great Spirit has smitten with a sad heart and misfortune. His right hand the Great Spirit kept back when he gave him life that it might not be raised against the red-man."

"What's his name, Black Bird?" asked Mackclogan.

"One Arm, Injin call him. One-Armed Alf, his black servant call him."

Mackclogan started up, and, fixing a keen, startled glance upon Black Bird, asked:

"Are you he sure is called One-Armed Alf?"

"Yes—me know it—me see him many times—he live in log-cabin down on Muskegon."

"Then do not trust to his pretended friendship, Black Bird," replied Mackclogan; "he may be a secret spy and enemy watching all our movements—yea, he may be the Spirit of the Wilderness!"

"Waugh!" ejaculated Black Bird, with an air implied his disbelief; "he can not strike—he carries no weapons—no gun—no tomahawk—nothing."

"That may all be, Black Bird," replied Mackclogan, "but watch him; the Yangees are all sly and treacherous."

"He no enemy, but, if the hatchet is to be dug up between the red-man and the Yangee, the scalp of One Arm will count in our victories. But already the sun is sinking, and Black Bird and his friends have long ways to go to reach their lodges. Let the chief of our Canada brothers go back and say that Black Bird and all his friends will be ready to strike at Mackinaw when two more suns have set."

"I will bear your message to your friends in Canada," replied the Englishman, "and I will tell them to have boats of wampum and more new rifles and blankets for you when you come."

A grim smile of satisfaction passed over the swarthy features of the circle of savage chieftains; then each one in turn reiterated his promise to march with his warriors forthwith upon Mackinaw.

The object of their meeting being thus settled, the councilors prepared for their departure. This required but a moment, and as they fled away in different directions into the forest, each one cast a longing, regretful look at the empty keg of the whisky-trader.

For some time after their departure the drunken trader lay in his profound sleep, now and then tossing about and muttering in a delirious, incoherent tone. But at length, he began to recover slowly from his debauch, and when he was able he arose to a sitting posture, and, rubbing his eyes to clear them of the hazy mist that dimmed them, muttered:

"Whoop tae doodle, whoop tae doo, and whar are ye now, Jabez, ole tiger? Surely not 'n wilderness of Judea nor desert of Salihara. No, no, I swear by Popocatapetl's fire that you're 'n neither place; but you've been takin' a drunk, you beast. Fust thing you know you'll wake up and find yourself deader than a nit—but oh! I know now what I be, and I wonder whar them red skintins and that ole rusty-coated Clogan hev gone? Wouldn't care a durn if they'd gone down to the sulphur-diggin's, but they never chalked over the rinktums for them're spasms. Meby, tho', they'll do it some time with interest, so I mout as well p'int my ole red nose to 'rds Whisky Korneer and feed ole Knowledge with more inspiration."

With quite an effort he staggered to his feet, and then, securing his whisky-keg, he managed to sling it upon his back; then reeled away across the glade and disappeared in the undergrowth.

In leaving the glade Black Bird, accompanied by two of the chiefs, moved away in the direction taken by Mackclogan, who had preceded them in his departure. The three chiefs moved in silence, like so many grim phantoms, and had journeyed more than two miles from the council-ground, when a low cry suddenly escaped the forward chief's lips and he came to an abrupt halt.

A few rods in advance they saw Lieutenant Mackclogan seated upon the ground, leaning against the trunk of a tree, apparently asleep, or engaged in mental reflections. His attitude was one of ease and repose, yet his presence there so soon after the recent interview in the glade, and under existing circumstances, excited their amazement.

For full a minute the chiefs gazed, first at the resounding form of the British officer, then in among the shifting shadows around them.

Then with cautious footsteps they approached the officer. He stirred not as they drew nearer him. Was he asleep? Yes; and soundly, too, for Black Bird approached him and spoke, but the Englishman did not stir.

Then the chief's keen eye detected a dark, wet spot upon the left breast of the officer's scarlet coat. Closer examination revealed the startling fact that it was BLOOD! It came from a wound beneath. Mackclogan had been shot through the breast, and his silent attitude, and the expression of pain and agony frozen upon his face, told that he was stone dead!

The discovery of this startling fact seemed to fill the breasts of the chiefs with new terror, and, in trembling tones, Black Bird exclaimed:

"Our white friend is dead. A bullet has pierced his heart. The Spirit of the Woods is abroad. He slew our friend; he is upon our trail—come."</p

double row of white ivory teeth that were constantly displayed.

It is on the day succeeding the events narrated in the preceding chapters, and although he was alone, it was evident from his nervous movements and anxious, expectant glances out into the forest, that he was looking for some one at the time.

The truth of this was soon established when the figure of a white man suddenly emerged from the forest shadows and approached the cabin, followed by a large, sleek deerhound. He was a man whose very presence was calculated to command the attention, respect and admiration of a stranger, not only from the power of his physique, but all the attributes that go to making a model of perfect manhood, physical and intellectual. He was not over thirty years of age and appeared even younger. In stature he was far above the average height, standing almost seven feet in his moccasins. His form was built in proportion to his height and bore evidence of prodigious muscular and physical power; and the lightness of his footsteps and grace of movements told of his supleness and activity.

His hair was dark, though streaked with a few threads of silver, and hung in straight tresses down about his shoulders. His face was smooth-shaven, showing the full expression of the bronzed features, that were not unprepossessing. His eyes were of a dark-gray color and pleasant in expression, yet there was a strange, vacant look in them which revealed a hidden burning fire away down in his great heart. In fact, there was a sad, silent and clouded look upon the whole face. This man could have been neither a trapper nor hermit, depending on his own efforts for sustenance, 'tis a single fact—his right arm was gone. And still another fact, corroborating that of his not being a hunter, was that of his carrying no firearms of any kind; neither was he habited in a borderman's costume, but wore a peculiar kind of a suit made of macken and dyed the color of the forest leaves. Even the slouched hat and buck-skin leggings and moccasins were of the same color; and his partiality for this particular hue must have been engendered from the desire to escape discovery by hostile eyes through contrast of colors, when journeying among the green shrubbery and foliage of the forest.

We saw he was unarmed; yet he did carry a heavy, knotty cane with a crooked head and brass ferrule on the end, which might have been a dangerous weapon if skillfully handled; still, it would have been of no use there against wild savages, wild beasts and gnawing hunger. With rapid strides this giant stranger crossed the narrow opening and approached the cabin door. When the latter was reached, he opened it without ceremony and entered the building, his bound stopping without and stretching himself on the ground near the door with his own characteristic familiarity.

"Ho de good deliberance!" cried the negro, as the man entered the door; "you's come at las', Mas'r Alf! Whar you's been gone dis eberlastin' time dat's been more'n a million years to dat nigger!"

"Why, Ethiope, what's the matter?" asked the white man, in a cool, calm tone, while a faint smile played about his mouth.

"De matter?" Ethiope fairly shrieked; "why, man, just as sure as your name's One-Armed Alf, de debbil's to pay—I swear to de natural system, he am. Why, mas'r, don't you think dar's a big war declared atween dis whole United States of North America and all creation. Mackinaw's to be 'tacked to-morrow, by a hundred million red-skins, and den don't you think de good-fur-nothing scamps am gwine to march on Point Michigan!"

"Is this a fact, Ethiope?" asked One-Armed Alf.

"I'll jis' be bu'st into a gob of nothing if it ain't so, Mas'r Alf. I swear it's so. Why, de Americon General, Ike Hull, wid a switching big pile ob sojer men, am over in Canada now, list making Ingling ha'r and British pur f'y like de dirt from de heels ob a race-hoss, I swear it am."

"Indeed, indeed," said the giant, in a thoughtful mood, fixing his eyes upon the floor, "this is no more than I have long anticipated. The English have long been provoking us to extreme measures, and are preparing, and have been for some time, for war. I detected this in a startin' movement among the Indians which I know was originated by British emissaries. The new rifles and blankets lately placed in the hands of the red-men attest this. And so the war has really begun? The point you say is threatened after the capture of Mackinaw?"

"Dat's de programmin', now, an' dat's work for you now, mas'r."

"And how am I to work?"

"H—ow!" screamed Ethiope, with apparent surprise; "haven't you got jis' as good legs as do moose? or am you feared ob de Spirit ob de Woods?"

"I have the same limbs I always had, Ethiope, with the single exception of an arm. I am not afraid of the Spirit of the Woods, because I do not believe there is such an avenger, but there are over a hundred Indians at this very moment watching my cabin and movements."

"Oh, my! oh, mel oh, Lor!" cried Ethiope, in sudden terror; his eyes growing larger, his lips parting, and his whole face assuming a serious comical expression; "if dat's de truf, and nothing but de truf, Mas'r Alf, den dis poor black chile's days am 'bout figured out, and I never spoke a pray in all my born life. Oh, I see it, mas'r; I'm a lost nigger, bound for total ekspition and destruction."

"We may have to fight for our lives, Ethiope, before night," said the scout, solemnly.

"Fight dis poor black nigger," chile right!

"Oh, Mas'r Alf! and dar's not a gun in de shanty, nor muffin' but dis chile's banjo and de meat-knife. Ki, yi! it am awful circumstance, Mas'r Alf. It'll be death in de dust disgrace; but den jes' let a red nigger ob an Injin show his head and I'll wade into him, tooth and nail, foot and foot, in a slap-upset way."

"I will inaugurate no war with the red-skins, Ethiope," replied One-Armed Alf, "but I must manage some way or other to get word to the garrison at Mackinaw of the intended attack upon the place, and I must do it without leaving this vicinity, else my mission here in this country will be at an end."

"Roarin' jingoes, Mas'r Alf! How de Sandhill ye gwine to komplish de ting, if de conduct ob Ingings mean hostilities? Dis nigger wants light on de subject."

"Will you do me a favor?" asked the scout.

"Now, dat dat beats all git-out, Mas'r Alf. Why, boy, ain't I been doin' favors for you dis thousand years, now say?"

"I want you to take," continued the scout, in a low tone, "the bucket and go down to the river for water. On your return, in climbing the bank among those young hickories, pluck off a dozen or more of the largest green leaves and bring them to me."

"Lor save me!" cried the negro, in perplexity, "what does de man mean? But dar's no use talking, so I'll just run down and bring de water, and mabby a few leaves'll fall into de bucket when I come up 'monde hickeys."

Growing still bolder through curiosity, Ethiope now advanced to the body. He saw that the Indian had been shot. The warm blood was still oozing from a tiny bullet-hole in the left breast across which the crimson tide left a dark, coagulated track as it trickled down. But the most astounding of all, was the discovery that the dead Indian was the recent visitor of the cabin, Gray Hawk, the Ojibway chief!

Hastening on to the cabin, Ethiope dashed into

while in the yard behind him, others could be seen drawn up in front of the open door!

CHAPTER IV. THE CABIN GUESTS.

ALTHOUGH surprised by the Indian's silent, unceremonious intrusion, One-Armed Alf welcomed him with a well-affected air of cordiality, although he felt that the red-skin's presence there at that time boded no good.

"How do, One Arm and Thunder Cloud?" the Indian replied to the scout's welcome, in disjointed English.

"Well, as usual, Gray Hawk," replied the scout; "you and your braves are welcome to the wigwam of One Arm."

"Come to talk with One Arm."

"I am glad of it, chief," said the scout, seating himself on a stool before his visitors.

"Does One Arm Canada father and Indians fight Yangees?"

"I have heard it intimated that there is to be a war, though I hope the rumor will prove to have no foundation of truth."

"All so—there be big war—many scalps will be taken."

"I am sorry—very sorry to hear it, Gray Hawk, for I had hopes that our people would never be arrayed against each other in battle again."

"How One Arm fight if have war?"

The chief put the question so plain and emphatic that there was no chance for evasion, although it had been the aim of the scout from the beginning of the conversation to do so.

"How?" he repeated; "why, Gray Hawk, how could I fight?"

"No fight with gun or tomahawk, but fight with heart," replied the chief.

From this the scout saw what the chief was endeavoring to come at. He was testing the scale upon which the sympathies of the white man hung in the coming struggle. How to avert a direct answer was now the question. A falsehood he knew would only evoke suspicion on the part of his keen-sighted questioner, and an avowal of sympathies contrary to his own might place his life, as well as that of Ethiope, in imminent danger.

"How do you think my sympathies are, Gray Hawk?" he asked.

"Don't think anything—One Arm much quiet—no fight-man—no talk much—all still."

"Then why not let me remain so?"

"Cause good heart in time of war help Indian heap much."

"Then suppose I tell you I am neutral—that is, I will take no part on either side in the coming war."

"Nary run," responded the courageous young fisherman. "I ain't afeard of the old snooper, if he is your dad. I might as well check it out now as any other time."

The girl regarded the movement in dismay. That pantomime revealed to her the state of her father's mind as plainly as though he had expressed his ideas in words.

"Oh, run, Billy!" she exclaimed, nervously; "father don't like to see you here, I know!"

"Nary run," responded the courageous young fisherman. "I ain't afeard of the old snooper, if he is your dad. I might as well check it out now as any other time."

"White man just like Indian. He can't look with open eyes and not see when two deer before him. Then if he want kill deer, he must decide clear before he shoot which one he want—he can't kill both. Same with heart. He must take sides with his two daughters; his necktie was never properly adjusted, and his frowsy pepper-and-salt suit hung, baglike, upon him."

A decided character was the "hard-handed workingman," as Walebone delighted to call himself.

Staggering up the street with uncertain steps, returning from his accustomed haunt, the corner liquor store, Walebone beheld his daughter and the young fisherman seated so cozily together upon the coal-box of the Dutch groceryman. He at once paused in his unsteady progress and lifted both eyes and hands to heaven as if appealing for the clouds to fall and hide the terrible sight from his view.

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THE SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL.

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But the Superintendent and the District Attorney got hold of him, and finally he "squealed," and gave the whole thing away."

"Made a clean breast of it, eh?" the captain said, listening intently to the recital as he climbed the stairs after the astute detective.

"Yes, only he either couldn't or wouldn't tell where Dominick was concealed."

"But the woman fixed him!" the captain exclaims triumphantly.

"Yes, but if Mickey hadn't peached, I should never have thought of a man like Dominick being concerned in such a job as this one."

"It will be something of a feather in your cap to lug Gentleman George by the heels," said the captain, in a reflective manner.

"You can bet your bottom dollar on that,"

the detective answered complacently. "It will be the first time that the steel bracelets have ever closed on his delicate wrists. He's been a damed lucky fellow, but the pitcher, you know, will get broken at last; but here we are!"

The two men halted in front of a door from the transom over which came a dim light.

The hunters had tracked their prey to its lair, but now hesitated to enter. Did they fear that tiger-like, the human quarry would turn and rend them?"

Sofly, and with smothered voices the two had ascended the stairs and stolen along the entry.

"Shall I kick the door in?" Murphy whispered in the ear of the other.

"No, wait."

The detective stooped and applied his ear to the key-hole, but the key being skill in the lock prevented him from viewing the interior of the room.

"Curse the key!" muttered the detective, as he rose from his stooping posture, and as he did so, he came in violent contact with Murphy, who had approached quite close to the door.

"Blazes, you've made my nose bleed, I believe!" Murphy growled, ruefully rubbing his nose with his hand.

Blazes had been the noise of the collision, it was plain that it had attracted the attention of some one within, for they could plainly hear the rustle of a woman's dress and a high foot-fall moving toward the door.

"She has discovered us—Dominick's wife, I suppose," the detective whispered.

"Better knock and see if she will open; if not, smash the lock in," Murphy suggested.

The detective gave a thundering rap at the door.

No answer came from within.

Again the detective beat his iron-like knuckles against the panels, but eliciting no response.

"Let me try my foot at it," Murphy said.

"One good kick will smash the lock right in."

The detective stepped aside, and Murphy, bracing himself, dashed his foot violently against the door.

The heavy sole striking just above the lock the door darted wide open as if by magic.

Within the room George Dominick lay, extended on a bed, while Hero, his wife, stood in the center of the apartment, acocked and leveled revolver in her hand.

Both Murphy and the detective were brave men, used to facing danger in a thousand shapes; but both hesitated when they beheld the woman. There was something in her eyes which said "shoot," as plainly as though the word had been spoken.

Just a second or two the tableau lasted, but Dominick raising his head from the pillow, and catching sight of the detectives, broke the silence.

"Jim Lane, eh?" and then with a look of despair, the wounded man sank back again on his bed.

"Sorry to trouble you, George, but I've come for you," the detective said, blandly.

"How do you do, Mrs. Dominick?" said Captain Murphy, persuasively. "I haven't had the pleasure of seeing you since your marriage."

Still the woman held the leveled weapon at the poise; still the word danger was written on her face.

"I suppose you understand, George, that it is useless to offer any resistance," the detective remarked.

"Yes, with a sailen groan. "Drop your hand, Hero, dear. It's no use making any trouble. I couldn't run even if you winged both of these hawks!"

Murphy looked decidedly uncomfortable at the thought.

"Have you a warrant for her too?" George asked, as Hero quietly let down the hammer of the revolver and thrust the weapon into her pocket."

"No, for you alone," the detective replied.

"We've got you this time; Mickey has given you away."

George ground his teeth together, and a groan came from his lips.

An hour later and the Tomb prison held Gentleman George.

(To be continued—Continued in No. 193.)

NADIA, THE RUSSIAN SPY;

The Brothers of the Starry Cross.

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER.
AUTHOR OF "THE RED RAJAH," "THE SEA CAT," "THE
ROCK RIDER," "DOUBLE-DEAVER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CHARGE.

GENERAL CYPRIANOFF sat on his horse at the North Valley, in rear of the great Russian Battery, watching the motions of the enemy, and near the commander-in-chief.

The Light Brigade had just commenced their charge.

"Those fellows come straight, Ivan; but they must swerve before they reach us," said the commander to his General of artillery.

Cyprianoff watched them keenly before he answered. Then he shut up his glass.

"I think they have made a mistake," he said, quietly. "They have no leader off the other side, or the leader is a fool. They are coming straight toward us."

Then he galloped down to his principal battery and sternly directed his fire on the devoted column. At the same moment from Causeway Ridge and the hills opposite the guns opened, firing in salvoes, six at a time.

And now commenced that terrible drama of death and heroic folly, when twenty thousand men stood at their ease, slaughtering six hundred advancing to attack them in their strongest point.

A white pall of smoke, through which the red flashes of artillery shone out every instant, marked the horse-line that embraced those devoted horsemen in a clasp of death.

Cyprianoff sat in his saddle on a hill behind the battery, deep columns of cavalry waiting grimly behind him, smoke veiling the field, nothing but smoke in front, nothing but waiting lines of gray-coated cavalry behind.

Silence in the Russian ranks, silence amid the oncoming English. Nothing but the sharp, snapping reports of the brazen guns in the deathly circle. When the breeze blew aside the smoke at intervals, through the thin haze

you could see the two galloping squadrons of the first line coming on, behind a single figure on a chestnut horse, a figure blazing with gold all over his breast. Then the guns flashed out death once more, and thicker clouds of smoke hid the English.

Cyprianoff set his teeth as he watched.

"They will take the battery," he muttered.

"Oh, if I were only in command! Why don't they advance and annihilate the madmen?"

Again the breeze blew aside the smoke.

The devoted squadrons, as steady as ever,

were close to the guns.

Cyprianoff noticed that they were each a mere handful now!

He looked at his gunners; they were working like madmen.

He looked behind him, for he heard the thunder of hoofs.

The Russian cavalry were wheeling about.

In an instant he, too, had wheeled, and was galloping after them, shouting imploring them to turn back, that the day was their own. It was all in vain. They were not fleeing in fear—but they, their General had ordered them to fall back, and they were obeying, with all the wooden precision of machines.

Then, even while the retreat was coming to an end, under the horse commands of the officers, Cyprianoff heard a loud, fierce shout of joy behind him, and the battery became silent.

Then he knew that the apparently hopeless charge had succeeded thus far. The battery was taken!

Princess. "I sent for the child's father, and frightened him out of his wits. He swore that he would not hurt the child, and entreated me to save him from the rage of the prince, who had promised the knout to any one who should prattle about his visit. I praised them all for their silence, and advised them to keep the secret still, for it had not leaked out of the family yet. I heard princess."

Gorloff. "You did well. Now, I have some news for you. The source of all this news is—Ivan Cyprianoff."

A moment later the brilliant figure he had noticed before dashed out of the smoke alone and came galloping toward the dense masses of Russian cavalry.

It was Cardigan himself, the first man in, and all alone.

Cyprianoff drew his sword and dashed forward.

"Surrender, my lord," he cried, in English. "You're done well, but you're surrounded."

For all answer the old earl wheeled his horse, just as several Cossacks from the flanks came riding at him.

He did not speak a word, but he galloped back through the battery just as the shouts of a fresh assault announced the arrival of the second English line, what was left of it.

Cyprianoff saw the swaying Russians halt once more. That cavalry had not charged that day. They had stood still to be butchered, under the guidance of a leader as incompetent as Lucan himself, though in a different way.

Then, in little staggering knots, the mad Englishmen came driving through the smoke, and a chance medley fight took place, wherein the desperate horsemen were surrounded and cut down, or made their way out of the fight to the rear, wounded and bleeding.

Cyprianoff himself had just interposed to save the life of an officer who was down, while several Cossacks prepared to spear him, when he heard a loud clamor close by.

Looking there, he perceived a young officer, in the gorgeous uniform of the French Guides, fighting for his life against several enemies. His hair was off, and his black hair was floating in the air in a confusion of clustering curls, while his face was streaked with blood.

"Hold your hands, dogs!" shouted the young General, dashing forward. "Surrender, monsieur, and I will save you."

Then, as the savage-looking Cossacks drew near, the French officer dropped his sword, waved his hand, and would have fallen, but for Cyprianoff, who caught him in his arms and carried him off.

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Gorloff. "What do you mean by deserted? Is there another church in the village?

Princess. "Surely. This is an old stone building with the roof half gone. The villagers are afraid to go near it at night, because it is surrounded with graves."

Gorloff. "And he goes there? You say you followed him? Did he find you out?"

Princess. "I can not say, except this. I began to suspect that this mystery was connected with Beloi Gorod, and I resolved to pay a visit there, openly. A week ago I ordered my carriage, and drove thither. The peasants welcomed me with delight, and I began to question them when they had last seen the prince. But immediately, to my surprise, they all became as dumb as oysters. If I had been you they would have beaten you, Alexis; but a woman has two strings to her bow at all times. I pretended not to notice it, and presently called a little child to me. I gave him a silver rouble, and kissed him, and asked him about his master. The child again, gin 'twere twenty year after. I clapped my e'en on callant or queen, I'd ken them again, gin 'twere twenty year after. I diana say that the bonny leddy is a gane, noo, but I'll be doun'd—and that's an unco strang word for a douce head that gange to kirk regular. Peeshoo—gin I didna see the varld leddy we had sic muckle fash to get awa' fra the Turkey-men in Const'ntinople, in the French General's tent, not three weeks syne, and ne'er a lassie to keep her company."

Pichot shrugged his shoulders.

"Hesus, mon am, I do not doubt it. The pauvre demoiselle she has to make up for the time she was imprisoned by the sacre Turques. It is not our affair."

"Eh, God save us, are ye daft, Peeshoo?" said Sandy, sharply.

"What wasad man be doin' in 'sojer's tent? Mon, it gars me blaspheme to hear ye gang that gate. Our affair! And wad no ye tak shame to yersel, for reskin' yer life is ye did, to gat a light 'o quean out o' the place where she cuide do harm, and pit her in anither, whaur she might do a waird o' mischief?"

"En, mon Dieu, what you cry out for like that, mon brave? How can such a belle demoiselle harm us?"

"Mon, ye canna just troost a randy quean like her. They'd muckle deal rather lee than tell the truth, Peeshoo. Wha kens but what she may be a Rooshian spy, after a?"

"Espion Russe!" ejaculated Pichot, amazedly.

"Why, you are beginning to talk sense at last, mon brave. Why did you not say it before?"

"Because I wasna sure," said the Scot, cautiously; "but I weel say that it's unco suspicious, Peeshoo, to see a leddy in silks and jewels, arround headquarters."

"Well, but, grantin' all that, mon am, she is gone."

Sandy turned round to the Zouave with deep meaning.

"Hoo d'yee ken she winna coom back, mon? I mind she was a braw leddy, and ye ken that she gav us twa rings, that she said wad preseve us when we gien us gowden pressers to the Rooshians. Noo, mon, she maun be a great leddy for her rings to be kenned, and gin she war a great leddy, it's unco certain that she's efter nae guide in our lines."

"Mon am," said Pichot, thoughtfully, "there is reason in thy words, but what are we to do? Shall we go and tell the General of our suspicions?"

"Naa, na," said the piper, scornfully, "tha General are sic high and mighty bodies, they wadna listen to a purt boy, gin he dinna bring them some real news. But I'll tell ye what, Peeshoo, gin ye can get leave, the night, you and I'll rin the guard, and just gang spivin' on our e'en lake-out, roon the richt o' the airmy. Whiles I canna get it aff my mind that the Rooshians are coomin' in on us fra that side, and I'll tell ye what, we'll be still as mice." Brung yer baguet, and we'll keep the night out."

Gorloff cast a keen glance down at her from between half-closed lids, as if he suspected her ignorance to be feigned; but the princess was obviously sincere.

"Anna Bronk was an exile in the province of Tchibolok," he said. "She escaped into the

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THE NEW SERIAL

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Pearl of Pearls," "Stealing a Heart," Etc.

We shall soon give the opening chapters of

THE SILVER SERPENT; OR, The Mystery of Willowold.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

The scene of this fine romance is laid at and around an old estate near the city of Nashville, Tenn. It is, in plot and character, very strange and exciting. The marvelous resemblance of two young women who are "played off," the one against the other, and the almost equally singular likeness of two men who are, insensibly to each other, unravelling a mystery and a crime, render this story, in incidents and situations, one of

Interest, Intense, Absorbing and Mystifying.

Lovers of the strongly dramatic and exciting will find in this last novel from this well-known writer's hand one of his best productions, and one that will be perused with eagerness; those who delight in the love story will not be disappointed in a real treat.

Our Arm-Chair.

Children's Books.—If "much for the money" is a recommendation, then the volumes of *Sunday* and *Chatterbox*, for 1873, are treasures. In another sense, however, they are so great amount and the kind of reading and the almost numberless pictures of things that little folks delight in, reader both books a Children's Treasure-box. Not children alone, either; for boys and girls are entered for, as well, in these charming annuals. So long as such holiday books are accessible parents have no need to waste their money either on senseless or expensive toys, or on silly story-books. Any sensible child will extract more real pleasure from a copy of *Chatterbox* or *Sunday*, than in any other single article or volume to be had. In New York the American News Company's salesrooms are the head-quarters of these and other beautiful holiday volumes.

Chat.—The *Nyack City and Country* says of the SATURDAY JOURNAL that, "It is a cheerful companion for the Family Circle or the individual reader." A cheerful companion is a blessing without disguise—a welcome visitor—a reliable friend. To know that our paper is thus regarded by a journalist who himself is an adept in making a good paper is very encouraging.

Making inquiry for a certain business-man, the other day, we were informed that he had "gone out of trade because it didn't pay." He had a good stand, and, at one time did a good business; why had it left him? Because he was *silly*. No person will trade with a silly man if it can be avoided. The world is too full of pleasant follows to patronize a boor. Be a gentleman if you would succeed.

The care with which some authors write is illustrated in Wilkie Collins' statement, in the new edition of his novel, *Woman in White*. He says:

"A solicitor of great experience most kindly and carefully guarded my steps, whenever the course of the narrative led me into the labyrinth of the law. Every doubtful question was submitted to this gentleman before I ventured on putting pen to paper; and all the proof-sheets which referred to legal matters were corrected by his hand before the story was published."

Here is something for novel writers generally to profit by. The errors of fact in many novels are a great blemish. A good writer in literature will try and always be right in fact, and consistent in statement.

Answering a "Distant Friend," who says he is young, ambitious and has time on his hands, we say—your way is as clear before you as guide-boards and light-houses can make it. No success comes to the laggard or the indifferent. The prizes are for those who *win* them, not for those who whine for them. Lay out for yourself a calling—the profession, trade or occupation for which your taste, talent and temperament fit you; and, having decided, direct all your studies and energies toward proficiency in that calling. We need, and the future will demand, architects, constructors, builders, engineers of railways, bridges, mines and steamers, inventors, scientific instrument-makers, cutters, machinists—all in the line of your assumed taste for construction and metal-working. A course of mathematics, experimental physics and applied chemistry is very desirable—indeed, is essential to success.

A COUNTRY SCHOOL-TEACHER.

Yes, I pity her—sincerely pity her from the bottom of my heart; and I wouldn't change places with her for all the good she is going to accomplish. Of course, I mean the school-teacher who just passed my house. She firmly believes that she has a mission to perform, and that mission is school-keeping. Now, don't you laugh in your sleeve, and tell me you "think the money she receives has something to do with it?" Teachers in your large cities may grow wealthy at school-keeping, but it's hard to make both ends meet at it in the country. The wages are meagerly small, the terms short, and there are so many weeks in the year when there is no teaching to be done, that there is generally more loss than gain to it.

If the teacher has grown tired with her day's work, and prefers to remain in her own room to sit with the members of the family, or declines to attend a party on account of a sick-headache, of course "she is stuck up—thinks herself to be too good to mix with others—feared of spoiling her clothes; these teachers that keep their distance never amounted to much."

Perhaps the poor tired teacher will forget all about her headache, and, for the sake of being sociable, attend a few parties. Then the report comes to her ears that "she is too flighty

for a school-teacher—ought to give more thought to the stern realities of life—should devote her spare time to studying and storing her mind with the great problems of the hour. Like as not she is angling for a husband, and in seeing which will be the best catch; of course she wouldn't marry a *poor* man—he couldn't support her and let her live in idleness, and school-teachers, you know—(which we do not know) are used to being idle."

Isn't it funny, girls, that if we but *look* at a rich masculine, we are always angling for a husband? I'm sure when we are ever *trying so hard*, we'd ought to catch one, hadn't we?

You know we never think of marrying a man for his brains, his honesty, or his nobility of heart; it is always for his money; we are always wondering what the extent of his bank account is!

If one of the lads escorts the teacher home of an evening from a party, the next day it is currently reported that they are engaged, or "she has forced her company upon him." If she declines said escort, everybody at once sets her down for a "fraud," and "wonders if she considers herself so wonderfully good as she would like to make out."

If she has a new bonnet, she is called extravagant, and endeavoring to outshine those who can not afford the same luxury; she eats up her entire salary with her clothing, and is too fond of the vanities of the world." Perhaps she will try to make her bonnet do another year, in order to put by a little out of her meager salary: "How mean and stingy she is—wants to hoard up every cent of her wages just like a miser. She ought to have more respect for her situation and the people by whom she is surrounded."

"But she doesn't hear of all these remarks."

You must be extremely ignorant of the ways of the world, and unsophisticated in people's doings not to be aware of the fact that there are always some good-natured individuals who make a point of duty to tell her of all these reports and remarks. If she were not the good creature that she is, maybe she'd break down under so much scandal, but she doesn't; she keeps right along in the path she believes to be right, and knows in her own heart that she is conscience-free from wrong in act or thought, and has become so used to these backbitings, she thinks them no more than the wind that blows.

But that isn't *my* nature at all. I must say

something; my nature isn't of that angelic kind that suffers in silence. No, I was never intended for a martyr, and I should have to be a good deal "reconstructed" ere I can become one.

Not much sunshine comes into the life of a country school-teacher, and if we can instill any into it, isn't it our duty to do so?

You don't know, but to be a teacher is a mighty responsibility; we have to deal with, etc., you'd speak more for them and laugh against them. I like to use my pen in behalf of the troubled, and surely country school-teachers come under that head.

EVE LAWLESS.

CAT'S-PAWS.

How many of us want the comforts and good things of this life, but few of us want to put ourselves out in the least to obtain them. If they would come right to our door and knock for admittance, we might, possibly, be willing to get up from our chairs and let them in. How many of us look upon work as derogatory and can not bring our mind to labor with those around us. It is all well enough for others to work, but not for us; if people are willing to labor, we are not so unwilling to receive the money they gain for it, and we thus make them our cat's-paw.

A man—so called by courtesy—has an enemy whom he wishes removed from his path and he hires some one "to silence him," or "put him out of the way"—his own refinement will not allow him to use the word "murder"; he pays his tool for the work done, and looks down upon him as a cowardly assassin and not fit to walk the earth or degrade it by his contaminating presence. The instigator of the deed, the real murderer at heart, if not in act, considers himself not guilty of any crime; he is far too gentle for that, and keeps his position in society, preaches morality and frowns at the world's wickedness; his cat's-paw may hang for all he cares; he has gained his desires, and not burned his fingers.

An individual in fair standing with the world does commit the fearful crime of murder, and is found out. In some persons' opinion this being discovered is worse than the crime itself, and there seemeth no loop-hole of escape. Yet his lawyer can easily find a cat's paw in the plea of insanity—a cat's paw that has worked extremely well in the past. It is a pity to think of the numerous of unfortunate beings who have been hung in former days, who were merely insane when their civil deeds were committed! Were the lawyers of the olden time not as acute in discovering the symptoms of their clients as in more modern times? or has science and progress made such advancing strides of late years as to make the sane insane at convenience? Are the present days the enlightened ones, and the past years the dark ages? We are more inclined to think that, in many cases, insanity is not a disease, but merely a cat's-paw to hoodwink Justice and press the bandage tighter round her eyes.

A man leads a dissolute and wicked life; he fears no Higher Being, else he would obey his feelings; he is niggardly in his dealings with his fellow-men, cruel to the poor, hard-hearted the unfortunate, and deaf to the cries of suffering and want. The hour of reckoning draws nigh; he finds himself on his death-bed, and but a few hours between himself and eternity; but, like a man at sea, his life clings to a frail raft; he has then time to think of his future, but has no thought of his past. He has money to leave behind him, and he thinks he can get into heaven by making a cat's-paw of it, so he bequeaths it to some church or charity. He dies, has a grand funeral; is buried in the costly cemetery, and on his tombstone is engraved the cat's-paw; "Here reposest the remains of a good man."

F. S. F.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

I HAVE been reading the newspapers this morning, and I have sent one of them, *via* the chimney, higher, I venture to say, than it would have risen by its own merits.

I like to read the newspapers, especially those denominated as "family newspapers." The editors are good men—they are nice men. They would not admit anything into their columns which is at all objectionable, not even a candid, earnest discussion of a delicate subject which really ought to be understood. By no means they publish a paper which is *fit for family reading*.

Occasionally there appears in its column an editorial which fairly scintillates with righteous indignation concerning some indecent act, and shows conclusively that the editors are upright men, and above suspicion. You are quietly reading this nice paper, secure in the belief that it is a perfectly proper one, and contains

nothing objectionable. You turn it, and in the pursuit of knowledge glances over the advertisements. You are perfectly safe in so doing, for this is a paper "fit for family reading." No danger of seeing anything wrong here.

But, what is this? Only an innocent little square of words calling the attention of the "boys" to the fact that "rich and racy pictures, for gentlemen only, are for sale by So-and-so, in such-a-place." This is nothing, certainly. Who shall dare to insinuate that any thing in that advertisement is not highly elevating to the morals of the "gentlemen"? There follows it a notice of books which are only fit to make a bonfire of, some very interesting "medical" advertisements, the amusement that "if you can keep your mouth shut" you can enter a "lucrative" business, receiving frequently "closely-sealed packages by mail," information that a "C. C. Bill," will be sent as a "curiosity for fifty cents," etc., etc. All of which are perfectly proper, and "fit for family reading." Don't the editors say so? And who shall presume to doubt the word of a gentleman (?) of the Press?

People are shocked at the grossness and sensuality which the excavations at Pompeii prove to have existed among the people, and are piously grave over sinful Paris, but I ask how much in advance of these is "enlightened America"? The number of sinful books, papers, pictures, etc., which find sale in our land show how much our higher civilization has to boast of.

The Press is a mighty thing. Its influence is unbounded, its power unlimited. And when it is used to scatter broadcast the seeds of evil, to introduce to young people that which will defile and degrade them, and rob them of every pure and delicate feeling, it is a sad application of great means to base ends.

I don't like walking through mire. I detect dirt of any kind. But, if every one ignores the mud-holes they will remain mud-holes to the end.

If anybody feels that I have trodden on their cooties in this paper, they are respectfully informed that I intended to do it when I began. "Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they will."

LETTE ARTLEY IRONS.

Foolscap Papers.

The Panic.

The panic is a pretty big thing not to be overlooked.

We are noted for our big fires, and big concerns, and big grabs, and it wouldn't be much to our national credit if we would have any thing but a big panic.

So this panic came just in the nick of time; and Old Nick's to pay, and therefore it is called a panic. It took a good deal of money to put it.

Rich men who had nothing before woke up and found they were not worth a cent in the world.

This panic has fallen like a pile-driver on the bank in which I had \$0.01-\$2-\$0.17-\$4 dollars deposited has suspended payment, and the consequence is that, although I had suspended payments in a great measure some time before, my suspension is now permanent, and is about to bring ruin on the distracted United States. Oh, but it is a great failure! probably the greatest failure I ever made in any thing.

An excited meeting of my creditors was held last evening, to look into my financial situation, and console with each other. Patsey Murphy, the wholesale boot-black, said after the excitement had subsided a little, that so long as Mr. Whitehorn had those seventeen dollars (not to be particular about the mills) on deposit in the San Bank his confidence in him was not entirely lost; and although it ran him pretty close financially, he would have been contented to wait another five years, with interest paid semi-annually, for that ten-cent debt in which Mr. W. had become involved with him, four years and a matter of eleven months previous to the subsequent events; but to have to lose the entire sum, and when our country's finances are in such a short condition and he lacking change enough to pull Wall street, was too much to bear.

Mickey O'Tod, the eminent vendor of clams, said the hardest lie he ever had, except when the policeman struck him with a club, was the failure of Mr. Whitehorn. He had furnished him with a dozen unborn clams yet in the shell, and had taken Mr. W.'s word for them—he having no other change on hand, just then; he had taken his word, but found that it was impossible to get it exchanged for currency. The original amount was fifteen cents, and now it was lost. Ruin stared him in the face, and he thought he would have to make an assignment.

Various indignant speeches were made by others who had lost other vast sums of money, but as they all spoke together, they were not reported.

The committee appointed to look into my accounts made the following report of assets:

One postage stamp, showing marks of having been used and of having traveled.

One recipe for removing bunions, entirely worthless.

One package of early love-letters, which are written on bad-decal paper.

One contract for swearing off, indorsed by Whitehorn, and renewed every six months.

One letter from a clothing dealer calling for twenty-five dollars.

One old letter of recommendation, badly depreciated.

One marriage certificate, not exchangeable.

One insurance policy, not paid up, and therefore forfeited.

One package of tracts.

One early poem, below par.

One paper of smoking tobacco.

These are all the papers on hand, and a figure could not be broken up into small enough pieces to represent the cash value of the lot.

The following is a true statement of real estate found on hand:

One clay-pipe, stem broken.

One blacking-brush, with no bristles.

One bald-headed tooth-brush.

One three-bladed knife without blades.

One oyster-can.

One pair of slippers out at the elbows.

Two ten-cent boots.

One thorough-bred boot-jack.

One half-box second-hand paper collars, chalked.

One ten-year-old straw hat, almost without the hat.

One handkerchief, entirely too ripe.

Coin on hand, including gold and silver, plate and bullion, in round numbers, 00.00.

Currency on hand, including greenbacks, certified checks, Five - Twenties and Seven-Thirties, 00.00.

THE SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL

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IN THE TWILIGHT.

A Christmas Reverie.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

And so another twelvemonth thither flies—
Twelve months of life, its pleasure and its sighs;
What ideals perish with the parting sun?

False shrines have fallen 'midst the struggle's blast,
Earth's sons have perished bright to last;
Or Hope's young dove still broods over its nest,
While Cupid lights emotion in its breast.
How varied sums our dream this Christmas night,
A vision prized or dream in fancy's flight.
Years numbered as the leaves
Bare-tipped with rime, pass like many sheaves
In yellow stockings gathered all too fast.
In totals with the treasures of the past.

Springs gave its buds and bared the earthy green,
Love's May-time feast received the queen,
Sweet troths were plighted in the moonlit eve,
And crime and quarell revelled in reprieve.

Soft Summer scented o'er the mystic sea,
Its Peril gambol'd down the ethereal lea,
The soft vintage won its golden smile,
And Nature's gen' cradled every trial.

Then spring autumn crisp'd athwart the skies,
And trods were weld'd in hymeneal ties;

Within the nectar of the russet draught,
Three months ago the joys were quaffed!

How youth has chick'd at the laps of time!

And bulldog cautes airy though sublimely—

Even sage Philosophers heed not its years,

Now Christmases record a wane,

And conjure Melancholy for its friend.

We can not grasp the happiness of love,

Nor can the heart learn to let it go more;

And mornes are sleeping 'midst the frozen sod—

What are their deeds to merit peace with God?

Three months ago the myrry wedded pair

Derided trial, nor wist of coming dread;

First to contented affection's gold,

Now melancholy's gloom is strangely cold,

Who dreamed to drink for the blissful cup,

And found it scummed in misery at each sup.

Rude enemies have sunken back agash,

Martyr Virtue dons her robes at the morn,

Or shuns the dastard's wretched crown.

And ruined wreaths rasp the spawning sown.

Nations have changed, and famished fame is wrest

From sworded hands to deck some other's crest;

Battles are fought and bloody is their name—

And the world goes on in the same

In tears, in follies, experiment or gall,

And man is master who the prey of all!

Look back upon the year—it's many days—

And count the toilings where the god repays:

Let us Elysium in the mind dispense;

Its meads of manna to refine sense;

The choice of fatal foisting to remove;

Earth's curse, and poison the soul of man;

Where cast Providence? What luxuries of feast

Have soiled the coat of man and made him beast?

Glutton excesses in Enchantment's arms,

And snore that others feel the world's alarms.

Do we live?—live now! pack up the bairns;

Above and more than robes like to rest?

Does holdiness balm out remoros' throes,

And wipe the blood-tear for another's woes?

Has the heart liberty to pulse and thrill?

Is there no rest?—but here it still?

Yet in the galaxy of miseries told,

Deserving graces ponred out bold on bold?

What swift career caressed now to repose,

Can balance good outweighing at the close?

Yet in the gloom the stars estimate the waning day,

And chime the hours in time. Haste not pray,

Hypocrisy defies the act that would secrete,

And blustering tongues defile the altar's feet!

Still there is that to bid the spirit wake,

And all the star-dances with its music shake.

To phone the sere and barren-painted waste,

Bid fountain flow, and efflux to taste:

Adown the vista of reeling fears,

With Edna Harcourt and Florence Malden,

The sublimer scale on either years?

The winds abysmal, o'er man's sad death,

Arouse to vigor in the magic breath,

And souls renew their fleetness for the race

That leads to gain, to glory and to grace.

Some pages of the sun—over the bar,

The sun—disappearing sun—lost amid

Riding the wave and toss of tempest wind,

Across the crisis of the shoul'd fated—

Forever buoyant Truth! Its helm of steel,

Its grip of muscle rigid at the wheel—

Consort of Virtue, Firmness at her side,

Anchored at last in Heaven at Christmas tide!

The milky snow conceals its cloudy sphere,

The subtle perfume of the gods in air,

Such scents drawe the meadow and the snow,

And white duets wrinkle on the castle's pow'

Retreating pleasures linger their adieu,

Joy, fresher born, are slyly through,

Faint voices from the earth with misty sight,

Mid cedar pine and holly, drop and dim,

A red oak's frosty boughs by the misty hoar,

Old caps adorn the woodland's swaying dome;

The barnyard shields its ever-living herd,

And goats and kids along d'ferred.

Here, how the bells begin again in the round,

Those massy steppes quaking in the sound,

Another clo of days—to holy prayer,

Their deep-toned summons pierce the wintry air,

Gathering from the house and street and road

To thank for blessings well or ill-bestowed.

At the gleaming Whidow thro' the night:

Elusive the gale and slant their tapers' light;

The pines are red with frost, with misty snow,

Silhouetted by the moon, and laughter gleams;

Where fires are faint and limbs are numb with cold:

Some taper shadows o'er a coof's lid;

Wherein a skeleton howls for lies hid;

The wind a revelation makes against the pane,

And sleds along where the head are laid,

Grin-necked hounds haunts us hand in hand

With pincered stings to open at command,

But rather stalk in everlasting shame—

No shepherd there, no son to proclaim!

On a plain where o'er which the brooks of life,

(Mirth of love and mirth of all its strife?)

What thousands in thy channel deep and wide,

Will sink, and never see next Christmas tide?

Flame on those fathoms of the Boreas's glow,

Vomit thy arches, let thy nymphs cars flow—

Torched by the red pall of thy spiritual fount,

Sear down thy red earth with the iron of the north,

Pecile the mighty billows of the North,

Great King of Winter! Now the ice-witch rooms,

Darling her meteors round ethereal homes,

Stretching her robes of frosty skirting snow,

And with a rain seepeth from the rosy south,

Yet sings and hums and whistles e'er awhile,

And tickles mortals with his crispy smile.

Come on! grow fat, many a Winter's crown, come on!

Grow fat thy ribs and ray thy restless dawn,

In glinting halls! Dilate thy nostrils' trials,

Wrinkle thy brow or teach the gay to laugh;

Paint thy cheek with red with diadem,

Drift on and murmur, paint thy white and gray

Twixt every glorious shadow at thy play;

Before the vernal Queen melts o'er thy lute,

Take thou a season's respite as here,

Unlock thy portals, sow thy saucy wide,

Hail, hail, joyful Winter! Hail to Christmas-tide!

Laurian.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

FRANK, are you going to marry Edna Harcourt?

Mrs. Ernest looked across the tea-table at her brother-in-law.

"No, my dear Louise."

She dropped her fork, with its freight of pickled lobster.

"You're not? Oh, Frank, what a disappointment that is to us all. We were sure we would have Edna, or at least Florence Malden in the family."

Frank helped himself to the strawberry jam.

"I'm sorry, 'pon my word, that I can't accommodate the family and marry both the young ladies. If it is any comfort to you, however, I will confess I am engaged."

Mrs. Ernest gave a little scream of delight.

"Oh, Frank, are you? You dear old boy! Who is it? I can't imagine who you mean."

A roguish twinkle was in his eyes.

"No I either, my dear Louise."

Her countenance fell, and she frowned between the sugar-basin and tea-urn.

"I didn't know you were joking," she said, coolly.

And "Laurian" graces Edna's album.

"Nor am I, my dear Louise! Really, I am engaged to—"

He mischievously paused.

"What is her name?" she asked, when curiosity got the better of pique.

"I don't know."

"Don't know!" Mrs. Louise echoed. "Perhaps you can tell me where she lives, then?"

Frank shook his head tantalizingly.

"Honour bright, I couldn't."

Frowns were collecting on Mrs. Ernest's youthful forehead.

"Well, then, is she pretty? Of course you know that much, having seen her."

"But I never have seen her."

"Never have seen her! Frank, what do you mean?"

He saw tears gleaming on her eyelashes, and he knew he had teased her long enough.

He took an envelope from his pocket, and handed it to her.

"Look at that, Louise, and give me your opinion."

Mrs. Ernest uttered a little exclamation of delight.

"Oh, isn't she lovely! isn't she sweet!"

"Laurian," it says under. "What a charming name! Oh, Frank, I never saw such a beautiful girl in my life!"

Surely her genuine admiration would have satisfied the most exacting lover, and Frank looked supremely pleased.

"What you see is all I have ever seen of her. I don't even know whether her name is the one on the card or not. All I do know is, I have fallen in love with her—wherever, whenever,

wealth and beauty. Ethel, belle of two seasons, flirt, coquette, sweet despoiler of men's hearts, as she had a reputation for being—the world always gives that to those qualities which win irresistibly, forgetting how impossible it must be to respond to the many—Ethel might have counted her devotees, declared or otherwise, by the dozen, even in that audience. And Erle, big, blonde, handsome, matching admirably at her side, lent a completing touch to the harmony of the group, whatever his appearance there may have caused in the way of jealous or envious 'twitches' in the minds of not wholly disinterested lookers-on.

A fair, well-matched couple, certainly. So thought complacent, self-satisfied Howard Richland, as he turned from them to bend in lover-like attention toward his wife. So thought half the people there who had a knowledge of that long-standing engagement, so romantic, so refreshing to meet with in our prose age, a child-love grown up with their growth, lasting and to be consummated at a very near date, according to Jenkins' report.

If there were rebellion and envy over this expected result in many phases of masculine feeling present, there was also relief in near approach to the embittered hearts of less fair rivals. For the few to envy her, the handsome young Marylander at her side, there were the many to rejoice at returning allegiance of wavering lovers when convinced of the hopelessness of their later aspirations. It is no more than ordinary ratio that one acknowledged belle will covet the final conquest of another where a dozen will rejoice over the conquest which removes a formidable rival. Ethel Richland was sure to marry sooner or later from the upper stratum, as well Erie Hetherville as any other, and the sooner the tender folly of six years standing was merged into the realistic effect of the matrimonial venture, the better chance for those remaining.

Erie himself had come out from that interview in the library with a set resolve at his heart that she should never know how nearly faithless he had proved to her—how his heart was turning at that moment away from her fair bodily presence, from the sweet, still expression her face wore to another face, small, pathetic, winsome, which had grown dearer to him in this short time past than any other one on earth. Ethel had put away the temptation which he had fancied would prove as powerful with her. Nothing remained for him but to accept the renewed offering of her love and faith, nothing but to bring his own allegiance back, if that might be, to the old contented standard.

"And though dear little Wilma may care for me," he thought with a thrill of pain shaking him—"does I know, her sense of duty and right will never let her waver. Her heart would break before she would permit the slightest distress to Ethel. Oh, Wilma, Wilma! my darling—my darling for the last time! The hardest will be to tear out loving thoughts of you, as I must do now."

The musical interlude was brief. The curtain went up on the second act almost before they were fairly seated. Erle's eyes swept the stage, went carelessly over the house and came back to rest upon his companion. Of all the fair young creatures there—and there were many—not one could favorably compare with her. Not one of all those brilliant blaze of light's shone down upon who might have drawn him from her with one extra thrill of admiration. It would not seem any impossible matter to go wild with love of so fair a face; but there was no enthusiasm, no warmth of frankness present with Erie.

She glanced up to meet his steady, earnest eyes, and smiled in return—a glance and a smile which were noted by an occupant of an opposite box. It held two gentlemen, one whose attention was fixed steadily upon the scene acting before him; the other, apparently indifferent to the stage spectacle, had been among those to bow to the late arrivals, and whose careless observation had not wavered out to that ghostly shade, you positively would make a good personation of the Spirit of Avenger in that shape.

Captain Leigh Bernham had looked, however.

Had seen the fervent solicitude with which Mr.

Richland was treating his wife, saw the anxiety

come up into the smooth, florid face, the slight

smile in the box, one or two leave neighboring

places and make their way there." Crayton

went among them. He came back after a couple of minutes. Mrs. Richland had been overpowered by the heat, some one had brought her a glass of water and she was quite recovered from her sudden faintness. That formed the body of the observation Crayton had it on his tongue to utter as he went back to his place, but he found no occasion for speaking the words. He found the shadowed seat vacated. Captain Leigh Bernham inconfidently descended.

speak of fair faces. The Richlands, you say? That name has a familiar sound—pray, where?" He leaned forward into the light. His tall head, his bronzed, bearded face, his straight, stalwart, soldierly form, cut in relief against the drapery at his side. Suddenly his face paled beneath the bronze. A tremor passed over the firm lips shaded by the heavy military mustache. His hand dropped upon Crayton's arm, closed in a crushing grip that made the latter wince with pain. His eyes, dilated were fixed in unwavering intensity; the whole scene of dazzling brightness, the human, sea around, the gallery, the pit, the stage, all were blotted into an unmeaning black, out of which one face looked forward into his own.

Mrs. Richland, leaning back, the ruby silk lighting with richest effect, her snow-white opera cloak fallen back, diamonds at her throat and on her round white arms, formed a picture well calculated to impress a stranger at first sight. The perfect colorless oval of her face turned into full view, the fine jetty hair dressed high in puffs and braids, the long lashes that had been downcast raising to disclose the wonderful soft dark eyes beneath—that was the sight which fascinated Captain Leigh Bernham's gaze. For one second the dark, fathomless eyes had looked into his; in that one second she had seen the intense eagerness, amazement and incredulity, the powerful agitation reflected in his face; then the long lashes dropped and a mist of cobwebby lace-and-cambrie was swept across the lady's lips, held there for a second and dropped, but the dark eyes did not again glance that way.

"My dear Bernham, what the deuce may the matter be? I say, captain, you are drawing the notice of the whole house, or a good portion of it, and have succeeded in starting a lady completely out of countenance. Suppose you should look somewhere else for a moment, or throw a little less of dramatic intensity into your gaze. There's a wonderful resemblance, I grant, to that painted face of your miniature as we remarked, if you take the pains to remember, but, since the original of that is dead and buried these seventeen years past, of course there can be no question of any relative connection between the two."

Captain Bernham breathed a deep inspiration and drew back to his former position. "Who did you say that lady is?" he asked, in a low, level voice. "You are right—the resemblance is striking, startling."

"That is Mrs. Richland, one of our first leaders of the first circle, the envied of all envying; the courted, flattered, eulogized, wife of the richest banker whose plate-glass front decorates the avenue. That is her husband beside her, the acknowledged most fortunate man, as his wife and sister are the acknowledged most beautiful women in our two cities. They say he never made an unlucky venture in his life, and to be witness to his prosperity would go to show it. Such men usually make a failure in a suitably equalized choice matrimonial, but his is an exceptional case. They have been married for fifteen years—that long ago one might fancy Mrs. Richland would be more than ever the image of the 'Rose' dead and buried even then—and after fifteen years of that familiarity in the close relation which very often breeds complete indifference, they are lover-like and devoted as during the honeymoon. See him now—no, don't look while you are blanched out to that ghostly shade, you positively would make a good personation of the Spirit of Avenger in that shape."

Captain Richland had looked, however. Had seen the fervent solicitude with which Mr. Richland was treating his wife, saw the anxiety come up into the smooth, florid face, the slight smile in the box, one or two leave neighboring places and make their way there." Crayton went among them. He came back after a couple of minutes. Mrs. Richland had been overpowered by the heat, some one had brought her a glass of water and she was quite recovered from her sudden faintness. That formed the body of the observation Crayton had it on his tongue to utter as he went back to his place, but he found no occasion for speaking the words. He found the shadowed seat vacated. Captain Leigh Bernham inconfidently descended.

"Going as I predicted," he thought, gloomily. "They are actually becoming reconciled at this early day; that is, as nearly reconciled as they will be for a time. They will follow the usual routine, and find a complacent sort of enjoyment in it, no doubt, when the honeymoon is once over. He will be rather fond of his peerless fair bride in spite of the dark-eyed little elf wife, according to all the laws of contrast, was such a powerful attraction to him, notwithstanding my own intuition of the meaning that *ete-a-ete* so well covered by Matthew's shadow in the Richland drawing-room—a *ete-a-ete* which his intense expression and the little one's pallor and agitated stillness afterward invested with a hint of more than ordinary chit-chat. For all that, he will be proud of the fair mistress he will take to Hetherlings; he will share his best affections between her and his dogs and his horses and the thousand and one interests which are incurred associations with him. And she will leave her hosts of admirers still here and there, and wherever her dainty presence goes, and will find in the excitement of her free fashionable life whatever may be lacking at home. It will not be either the best or the happiest lot which might be hers; it is not the one I would choose for her with the purest wish I may be capable of turning for her happiness. Lord knows, my best hope is for that. I would give the best of the worst that is left of me to turn sorrow of any kind from her, and yet who is to know where this enterprise of mine is taking me? Who knows what it may be threatening her through them? Nothing good, nothing hopeful, nothing which can well bear the light, or 'tis ay old fox' of 'Bitter-Herbs' would not be upon the trail. It's no principle of mine to go back when I have started once, and I'll not go back in this. Fair and still and cold and statue-like in her unbroken repose of expression is Mrs. Richland to-night. I wonder if nothing can change the staine. I wonder if the striking similarity Lenoir and myself found in the pictured Rose who has been dead and buried for seventeen years, will make any greater impression upon my new friend and lavish companion of the evening than a reference to it laid upon her. Ah, she glances this way! The play is a tiresome affair, and the curtain goes down again with little encouragement in the way of applause, and now is the time!"

He touched his companion upon the shoulder. The latter, who had been sitting half in shadow, looking around, nodded approvingly.

"Upon my word, it is proving rather a novel sensation to find myself in such a place again. I see you are smiling over my absorption in the drama, but it is years since I have been in a theater, remember."

"We have other sights here better worth the seeing to my mind, Captain Bernham. What have you to say for all the dazzle represented here in the way of diamonds and bright eyes, exquisite costumes and fair faces? There is one, two I might say, opposite now. The Richland box, that is, holding the two most famed beauties our twin-cities boast, madame herself and the younger, her sister-in-law—the sweetest, most bewitching and heart-breaking of all the fair ones gathered here."

"You take me out of my depth when you

speak of fair faces. The Richlands, you say? That name has a familiar sound—pray, where?" He leaned forward into the light. His tall head, his bronzed, bearded face, his straight, stalwart, soldierly form, cut in relief against the drapery at his side. Suddenly his face paled beneath the bronze. A tremor passed over the firm lips shaded by the heavy military mustache. His hand dropped upon Crayton's arm, closed in a crushing grip that made the latter wince with pain. His eyes, dilated were fixed in unwavering intensity; the whole scene of dazzling brightness, the human, sea around, the gallery, the pit, the stage, all were blotted into an unmeaning black, out of which one face looked forward into his own.

Mrs. Richland, leaning back, the ruby silk lighting with richest effect, her snow-white opera cloak fallen back, diamonds at her throat and on her round white arms, formed a picture well calculated to impress a stranger at first sight. The perfect colorless oval of her face turned into full view, the fine jetty hair dressed high in puffs and braids, the long lashes that had been downcast raising to disclose the wonderful soft dark eyes beneath—that was the sight which fascinated Captain Leigh Bernham's gaze. For one second the dark, fathomless eyes had looked into his; in that one second she had seen the intense eagerness, amazement and incredulity, the powerful agitation reflected in his face; then the long lashes dropped and a mist of cobwebby lace-and-cambrie was swept across the lady's lips, held there for a second and dropped, but the dark eyes did not again glance that way.

"Upon my word, you are an exception to the rule of your sex, Wilma! With that much mystery to have fed upon, few of womankind would hold back at the chance of piercing their own hidden histories; fewer still would care to resist the allurements of such accompanying fortune as I have hinted at. Yes, yours has been a dead life; you have been dead to your proper identity from the hour of your birth, dead to those who are accountable for your existence for as long a time. And yours is by far too sweet and useful a life to remain so—by far too fair a prospect as it may be made to let an inexperienced girl's sentimental fancy mar the wonderful results which may be brought out of it."

"But I do not understand," said Wilma. "I can not understand how it is possible Mrs. Richland should be my mother—how it can be that I should be lost to my mother and every one, as you say?"

"Both matters which I might not find it expedient to explain to you now. There is another part of the affair with which you require to be familiarized at first—the importance of letting me be your guide from this time out, and the result which a refusal on your part may mean in effect. You may, through the truths I can bring to light, send your mother disgraced out from her home here, take away her right to the Richland name, send her out to such misery, such humiliation as one might readily fancy would prove death in life to her proud and stubborn heart. That was my old friend Gregory's meaning without a doubt. He knew what the fair, proud, courted Mrs. Richland may not know to this very day—that when she married her present husband she had another husband in the land of the living. A husband and a child by one of those romantic early marriages which bring so many young fools to grief; and she not suspecting the existence of either; by my soul, little wonder if it should come as a shock to madame of to-day. I really incline in my heart to spare it to her, but that part must remain with your decision. You know something of what the Richland pride is, my dear; you know how it would be stung to the quick by any such revelation as this, which I have traced for you, not in its darkest or most hopeless aspect that I have told you what my affection for you is, Wilma. You will find it more lasting, more truly devoted to your best welfare, more trustworthy than the professions of some younger and more impulsive men might have proved perhaps. A certain friend of mine who is not wholly without an interest in you, gave me a hint of the danger you are in which has rather precipitated this avowal of mine. No need to be secret on that score. It was that odd genius, Crayton, a sharp and observant young fellow, by the way, who for once has succeeded in putting those qualities to account. He called on me at the old place to-day, and while there I chanced to refer to my guardianship of you. He was surprised, and let me know it in the rather assured and not always agreeable manner these wild Bohemians pick up.

"A deuce of a guardian you are, then," he said, with rather more emphasis than elegance. "You ought to be ashamed at owning the trust, I say. That little Wilma Wilde is too trusting and tender a blossom, according to my idea, to be exposed to the rough chance that's before her now. There are girls who wouldn't be in any way hurt by it; in fact, such things go in the common experience that makes our Girl of the Period, I believe, but that child would break her tender little heart over a case of willful deception which is simply flirtation to the generality of our sort."

"Very naturally I was at a loss, and begged him to explain what danger could possibly meet you."

"The association of Matthew Gregory gave me an idea sooner than I might otherwise have gained. That recalled an incident of my early practice, seventeen years ago; and, by the way, that very incident formed the beginning of my dear friend's patronage, which only ended with his mortal pilgrimage, and his generous remembrance of me, even then. Seventeen years ago, with the difference of a few weeks later in the season, I was called forty miles out of the city to attend upon an urgent case. Forty miles' journey in snowy December weather, with half the distance to be done by stage, was by no means a small undertaking, in those days. That, however, was outweighed in the eyes of the need, out-of-elbow young physician, hardly established in any practice yet, by the consideration of a dollar in gold for every mile, and five added for every day I might be detained. Calls were few and far between then, and the offered sum treble the best I might expect by staying at home. To cut it short, I went, and was successful in the difficult task of ushering a new life into the world, a tiny yet perfectly healthful female infant which saw the light first in as wild and desolate a region as might be found forty miles out of our two cities. That task alone was not to earn me my fee, however. I had the additional one of breaking from the mother that the little one had never drawn a breath. I don't defend the morality of it; I simply carried out the instructions some one else would have done had I refused. She took it hardly, poor thing! but in all of the two days I was with her, she kept her face so persistently concealed that I had but one glimpse of its perfect oval, its fine, smooth, marble-white skin, and great black eyes matching the glossy hair streaming over it. It does not need that I should add my patient of that time is the Mrs. Richland of to-day, the child which was taken away from the house before I quitted it. Afterward, when that subsequent occurrence of a death at the old house on the Manchester road took place, I was not deceived with all the rest. I knew and wrung the confession from him, that the dead woman was not the mother of the child brought under Matthew Gregory's roof." That much I would be willing to swear to. More I have discovered, but with much personal evidence and my firm conviction aside from proof of the identity of you two, you surely can not require asseverations of the power I hold."

"You may fancy what a start that hint gave me, Wilma. I seemed to see not simply my hopes shattered and your future devastated, but a new complication to make worse this pitiful Richland relation. Suppose if it were less serious to you, more serious to him, if the daughter of Mr. Richland's supposed wife won the love of Mr. Richland's sister to a forgetfulness of the faith which was due from him, there would be the double blow to the Richland family. Darker and darker grew the gloom. "Is she might only hide away beyond the chance of being ever found; if she might avert the horror of the threatening conveyed in Matthew Gregory's dying words; if she might at least feel herself innocent of any misery visited upon those she loved!"

"To be continued—Continued in No. 154."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DOCTOR'S ANSWER.

WILMA heard with a deathlike faintness rushing over her.

"Suppose I tell you that your unknown mother is your benefactress of to-day, Mrs. Richland?" The words spoken with not a trace of sentiment or emotion, repeated themselves over and again in her mind. A wave of awe, of pity, of dread, chilled and held her still. The doctor's light, steely, coldly triumphant eyes were cruelly forbidding in their unchanging expression. Even the doctor's phlegmatic nature was not proof against the startled, terrified apprehension in the deepening, darkening eyes. Eyes just then, notwithstanding the entire difference of expression, wonderfully like and soft, dark, steady ones which had looked the doctor out of countenance before this.

"Not the only feature she has taken from her mother," thought the doctor in the interval of silence which fell. "The oval of the face is the same, the same cut about the lips and chin, and again in her mind. A wave of awe, of pity, of dread, chilled and held her still. The doctor's light, steely, coldly triumphant eyes were cruelly forbidding in their unchanging expression. Even the doctor's phlegmatic nature was not proof against the startled, terrified apprehension in the deepening, darkening eyes. Eyes just then, notwithstanding the entire difference of expression, wonderfully like and soft, dark, steady ones which had looked the doctor out of countenance before this.

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"The danger to be put vividly before her in asking a choice! Erie Hetherville, having youth and manliness and honor and earnestness all on his side; and this man, crafty, hypocritical, selfish, as her pure mind warned her; more than that, designing and subtly treacherous—what a pitiful, meager chance for Dr. Crayton Dallas had he based his hopes upon the impulse she would derive from that contrast.

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"It is a fact rather calculated to take you by surprise at first, one so strange as to well seem incredible I can readily understand. A fact which I am inclined to think might even give Mrs. Richland herself a shock of surprise and incredulity at first. But it is a truth, for all that, a truth which, as I said before, may be turned to your advantage in a way to insure your permanent welfare, to give you a station and a name equal to theirs, even the power to avert the worst of what might be brought home

to her, and which could very materially alter her envied and enviable position of the present. Take it all into calm consideration, Wilma. Remember that a favorable answer to my suit will insure all that to you and the best that can be made of a bad affair to her. There was an old idiosyncrasy which used to run in your former guardian's mind, which took the form of a monotonous chant in some of his flighty moments, and the burden of it was always 'dead life, a dead life.' You have heard something of the sort, no doubt. Did he ever tell you who was that dead life?"

"He told me once," said Wilma, her great solemn eyes looking their wonder and awe and dread upon him again, "that mine was a dead life, and told me to pray that I might never be the cause of a living death. I never knew what he meant by it; I pray Heaven that I never shall know!"

"Upon my word, you are an exception to the rule of your sex, Wilma! With that much mystery to have fed upon, few of womankind would hold back at the chance of piercing their own hidden histories; fewer still would care to resist the allurements of such accompanying fortune as I have hinted at. Yes, yours has been a dead life; you have been dead to your proper identity from the hour of your birth, dead to those who are accountable for your existence for as long a time. And yours is by far too sweet and useful a life to remain so—by far too fair a prospect as it may be made to let an inexperienced girl's sentimental fancy mar the wonderful results which may be brought out of it."

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forms—interlaced so snake-like together—was friend or foe.

The combatants paid no heed to the entrance of the warriors, so engrossed were they in their terrible struggle.

For a moment the Indians stood like statues, gazing in bewilderment upon the strange scene before them.

Then, actuated by a sudden thought, one of the Shawnees—wiser than his fellows—dashed from the wigwam to the fire that burned near to the lodge of the Medicine Man.

The chief snatched a flaming brand from the fire, and then re-entered the wigwam.

The struggle between the two upon the ground ceased. One had conquered the other.

By the light of the burning fagot the amazed Indians looked upon a fearful scene.

In the center of the wigwam, flat upon his back, and with the blood streaming freely from a wound in his temple, lay Ke-ne-ha-ha, the great chief of the Shawnee nation.

Over him, with his foot planted upon his breast, and the blood-stained tomahawk upraised in menace in his hand, was the terrible being that wore the shape of a wolf and the face of a man.

The blood of the warriors congealed within their veins as they looked upon the awful picture.

For a moment the Wolf Demon held his position, with his foot placed in triumph upon the body of the prostrate chief. Then, with a hoarse yell of defiance, he sprung forward upon the warriors gathered in the doorway of the lodge.

With a howl of terror, the Shawnees scattered in fear, tumbling over each other in their flight.

Two quick and powerful strokes of the keen-edged tomahawk, and two more Shawnees were sent to the happy hunting-ground.

Swift as the hunted deer ran the Wolf Demon through the Indian village.

The yell of the Indians rang out shrill on the still night-air.

Increasing in speed at every stride, the Wolf Demon headed for the thicket.

Far in the rear followed the warriors.

With a hoarse yell of defiance, the terrible figure gained the shelter of the wood, and disappeared within its shadows.

On the borders of the wood the Indians halted. All the village had been aroused by the terrible outcry, and great was the wonder and alarm of the Shawnees when they learned that the terrible Wolf Demon had been in their midst.

After a short consultation, the warriors entered the thicket. But ten paces within the wood all traces of the passage of the Wolf Demon vanished. He had disappeared as utterly as if the earth had opened and swallowed him.

Keen-witted as the Shawnee chiefs were, they never dreamed of examining the oak branches that waved over their heads. They little thought that, even as they paused within the wood, in wonderment and dismay, from his leafy covert in the branches above their heads, the terrible Wolf Demon glared down upon them, and laughed, with fierce joy, when, puzzled and beaten, they took their way in sullen anger back to the Indian village.

The Indians gone, the strange form descended from his perch in the branches of the oak, and, with a rapid but silent tread, stole through the mazes of the forest.

While some of the Indians had been pursuing the phantom form, others had given their attention to the wounded chief.

Ke-ne-ha-ha had suffered but little. Two slight cuts on the head, inflicted by the tomahawk of the Wolf Demon—mere flesh wounds—were all the damage he had received.

To his wondering warriors the chief told the story of the interview with the Great Medicine Man, and the sudden appearance of the terrible scourge of the Shawnee nation, the Wolf Demon.

The Indians gone, the strange form descended from his perch in the branches of the oak, and, with a rapid but silent tread, stole through the mazes of the forest.

By the time the council had assembled, the party that had pursued the Wolf Demon returned and told of their failure to trace the terrible being through the forest.

Calmly the chief addressed the council.

He told of the dreadful hand-to-hand encounter that he had had with the white-man's devil. Declared that the charm was broken, and that the Wolf Demon no longer was to be feared.

The warriors took heart at the bold address of the great chief.

Then Ke-ne-ha-ha urged the necessity of making an immediate attack upon the white settlements along the Ohio.

In this the chief was supported by every warrior within the council. All were eager for the attack. All thirsted for the blood of the white-skins.

The council broke up, and earnestly the warriors donned their war-paint in readiness for the coming fight.

It was arranged that the expedition was to start on the morrow, and that Point Pleasant should be the first station attacked.

Girty and Kendrick had been in the council, and on its breaking up, walked slowly along together.

"The chief is terribly in earnest," said Kendrick, as they proceeded onward.

"Yes, there'll be a leaden hail rattling around Point Pleasant soon," responded Girty.

"What do you think of this Wolf Demon?" asked Kendrick, suddenly.

"Well, I don't exactly know what to think," said Girty, with a puzzled air.

"The chief had a tussle with him."

"Yes, and the warriors saw him when he fled through the village. A huge gray wolf walking erect on its hind legs like a man, and with a human face."

"It ain't a spook, 'cos the Indians wouldn't have been able to have seen it."

"No, but what is it?" asked Girty.

"Now you've got me," said Kendrick, with a dubious shake of the head.

"Man or devil, if he ever comes within range of my rifle, I'll wager that I'll drill a hole through him," said Girty, decidedly.

"Well, the chief failed," observed Kendrick. "He said that he struck his knife clear through his side, and yet not a drop of blood was on the blade."

"It's wonderful, to say the least," said Girty.

And then the two entered their wigwam.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

VIRGINIA, in the solitude of the wigwam, full of bitter thoughts, and mourning, silently, over the hard fortune that had befallen her, was surprised by the entrance of a female friend.

Kate gazed up in astonishment, she beheld Kate.

A cry of joy came from the lips of the hopeless girl. In Kate she beheld a friend!

A warning gesture from the Kanawha Queen checked Virginia's utterance, and the words of welcome died away upon her lips.

"Be careful, lady," said Kate, warningly;

"a loud word to betray to other ears that we know each other, and both of us are lost."

"Oh! it is so hard to keep back the joy that struggles to my lips," murmured Virginia; "your presence here seems like a ray of sunlight beaming full upon the dark pathway through which runs the current of my life. Your face gives me life and hope."

Kate gazed into the upturned face of the fair girl with a mournful smile.

"You are in great danger, lady," she said, slowly.

"Oh, I know that!" cried Virginia, quickly.

"I can not understand," said Virginia, bewildered.

"Is there not some one whom you love? One who holds your plighted faith?" asked Kate, mournfully.

"There was one," and as Virginia spoke, the tears came slowly into her eyes. Back to her memory came the scene in the ravine. In imagination she felt again the warm, passionate kiss of the man she loved so well; then, an instant after, saw him stretched bleeding and senseless upon the earth at her feet.

"There is one now. You speak of Harvey Winthrop?"

"Yes," cried Virginia, almost breathlessly.

"He is living."

"Living?"

"Yes."

Virginia sprang to her feet; her face flushed with joy.

"Oh! and I have mourned him as one lost to me forever."

"Simon Girty."

Virginia's heart sunk within her as the name of the dreaded renegade fell upon her ears.

"Oh, Heaven help me, then!" she murmured, "for I am in terrible peril."

"Yes, you are right," said Kate, quickly; "you are in peril. A miracle alone can save you."

"Where am I?" Virginia asked.

"In the village of Chillicothe."

"Among the Shawnees!"

"Yes, this is the village of their great chief Ke-ne-ha-ha."

"I have heard my father speak of him," Virginia said, thoughtfully. "He bears a deadly hatred to the whites."

"Yes, he has sworn to drive the pale-faces back from the Ohio. Even now the savages are arming and preparing for the fight."

"Then my father and friends will be in danger," cried Virginia.

"What is their danger compared to yours?" asked Kate.

"Yes, that is true," said Virginia, mournfully; "but, for the moment, the thought of their peril made me forget my own helpless situation."

"Have you ever seen this man—Girty?"

"No."

"You do not know then why he has selected you for his victim?"

"No," again Virginia replied.

"Strange," said Kate, thoughtfully. "I can not understand it. He must have some motive in entrapping you from your home and friends and bringing you here."

"I will tell you all the particulars."

Then Virginia told the story of her abduction.

Kate listened attentively.

The story puzzled her. She could not understand the double abduction.

"Have you no suspicion as to who this man is that pretended to rescue you from your first captors, but in reality led you into the hands of the second party?"

"No," Virginia said.

"The false guide was Simon Girty."

Virginia uttered a sharp cry as though she had received a terrible wound.

"For heaven's sake be silent or it will cost us both our lives!" cried Kate, quickly and with great caution.

"I will not offend again," murmured Virginia, the big tears beginning to well slowly from her lustrous brown eyes. "But, I have such a terrible weight pressing upon my heart, I feel that I am utterly lost."

"No, do not despair; there may still be a chance to escape from the toils that surround you."

"Oh! show me some way to escape and I will go down on my knees and thank you!" cried Virginia, earnestly.

"I do not ask that," said Kate, with a mournful expression in her dark eyes.

"But, how is it that you are here in the Indian village? Are you a prisoner, too?" asked Virginia, suddenly.

"No," replied Kate, her eyes seeking the ground.

"I can not understand," said Virginia, in wonder.

"Do you not remember who and what I am?" asked Kate, a tinge of bitterness perceptible in her tones. "Am I not Kate, the Queen of the Kanawha, the daughter of the pale-faced Indian, David Kendrick, the renegade?"

"Yes, yes, I remember now," said Virginia; "I ask your pardon if my question has given you pain. I did not intend to think to wound you."

"Do not fear. I have heard too many bitter speeches in my short life to be galled now by a chance word. I can not be wounded by a ran shot. I am the daughter of a renegade; all the world knows it. It would be useless to deny the truth. I must bear patiently the stain that my birth and my father's deeds have fixed upon me. I can not cast aside the shame that clings to me and, through no act of mine, All the world despises me. Is it not enough to make me hate all the world?"

"No," said Virginia, softly, "you are not to blame for the deeds of others. Live so that your life shall be a telling reproof to those who would blame you for the acts of your father. I do not think any the worse of you because you are the daughter of David Kendrick, the renegade. No, I rather pity you. I told you so when first we met in the ravine near Point Pleasant, and I repeat the words, now that I am here a captive in the hands of my enemies."

"Oh, lady, you have the heart of an angel!" cried Kate, earnestly.

"Yes, and the warriors saw him when he fled through the village. A huge gray wolf walking erect on its hind legs like a man, and with a human face."

"Well, yes," replied Kendrick, after a pause.

"I would rather a heap sight that only two pair of ears should hear what we're going to say."

"Well, what is it?"

Kate spoke calmly, yet she had a presentiment that a storm was about to burst over her head.

"Gal, you don't play kee-ers of course, but I guess you understand what I mean when I tell you to play with your kee-ers on the table and not under it," said the renegade, significantly.

"You will?" murmured Virginia, her face lighting up with joy.

"Yes, can you guess why I am here?"

"No," Virginia replied, in wonder.

"I am placed here by Girty to watch you."

"To watch me?"

"Yes, so that you can not escape from the toils that his cunning has drawn around you."

"And, you will break faith with him and save me?" asked Virginia, anxiously.

"Yes."

"Heaven will surely bless you for the act?" cried Virginia, quickly.

"Perhaps I may need that blessing," said Kate, earnestly.

"I am sure that you do not!" exclaimed Virginia, impulsively. "I read in your face that your heart is good and noble, and I am sure that your face does not deceive me."

"I will try and keep faith with you. I have promised one who loves you dearly, that if you were within a hundred miles of the Ohio, neither swamp nor wood, house nor wigwam, should hide you from me. I have kept that promise and have found you. But one more task remains for me to do, and that is, to save you from the perils that now surround you, and give you safe and unharmed into his arms."

Virginia listened with wonder to this strange speech.

"One who loves me dearly?"

"Yes, better far, I think, than he does his own life."

"I can not understand," said Virginia, bewildered.

"Is there not some one whom you love?" asked Kate.

"There was one," and as Virginia spoke, her tears came slowly into her eyes. Back to her memory came the scene in the ravine. In imagination she felt again the warm, passionate kiss of the man she loved so well; then, an instant after, saw him stretched bleeding and senseless upon the earth at her feet.

"Indeed?" Kate's face was as impassible as the face of a statue, and her voice as cold as ice.

"So I listened and heard a good deal."

"What did you hear?"

"Bont all you said to the little gal," replied Kendrick, with a grin. "I heard you tell her bout the young feller that you saved in the ravine. I s'pose he's the one I saw in your cabin other day?"

THE CARPENTER'S DECLARATION.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

I'm a piano man, Miss Mary Jane,
And you I love the best;
Let me write with a scribbling-owl
The thoughts that have my chest.
I'll sing, Not this deep love can tell;
Your smile but add to my desire.
And lifts me up a deal.
I can but look at you and stare,
When on me your eye beams;
Look on you but to a door;
My heart are all your rooms.
The house was brought, Ivan mounted, and then, as he gathered up the reins, the horse pawed impatiently, and a keen-eyed stable-lad saw the loosened nail.

"Stay a bit, master!" he cried, "till I run for a smith! There is a nail loose."

"The wit is loose in thy head, doit!" Ivan retorted, angrily: "Dost thou think that I will stay an hour for a bungling smith, when time presses?"

And without more words, Ivan gave the horse his head and galloped on.

A hundred versts he made that day, stopping but once for bite and sup, and at night he rested in a wayside inn.

In the morning, when the horse was brought, the stable-boy told him that a nail was loose in one of the fore-shoes.

"I know it, dull-head!" Ivan replied, and galloped on.

A hundred versts he made, the second day, still the nail held, only loose, nothing more.

And on the third night he rode into Ismail. The fortress left by his uncle he received, and he carefully sewed up the precious roubles in the interior of his saddle. Sure, no robber would think of a common saddle lined with roubles!

On the morning of the fourth day, he mounted his horse and rode away homeward.

Still the warning came whereso'er he haled, "a nail is loose;" still he made reply: "I know it; it will serve."

The night of the fifth day, when he halted, it was only a hundred versts or so from home.

In the morning a new cry met his ears.

"Brother, a nail is gone!"

"Let it be; I have but a hundred versts to ride."

"And the others are loose," said a smith in the throng of idlers gathered around the horse, examining the shoe as he spoke.

"And you, I judge, are a smith and wish to take some kopeks from me!" Ivan cried, with a sneer.

"By Saint Peter!" exclaimed the smith, loudly, "I spoke not that, and if you are too poor to pay, I'll fix the shoe and charge thee nothing." 'Twere a shame indeed that such a noble beast should suffer because another brute besides him!

Ivan waited to hear no more, but gave his horse a furious lash and rode away, the lords of the crowd sounding in his ears.

Through the dark forest of Novimir, ever the chosen abode of disbanded soldiers, outlawed Cossacks of the Don, and brigands of every class, the road led.

Once within the arches of the deep wood, and Ivan, the son of Skibotski, trembled and repented that he had not listened to the warning of the smith and allowed the nail to be placed.

If he was attacked by the cutlaws, known to haunt the forest, in the speed of his horse he depended for safety.

As he journeyed onward, murmuring prayers to every saint in the calendar, suddenly through the arches of the wood, rode a band of fierce and bearded men, bearing glistening in their fists.

The outlaws were at hand, and now flight alone could save the son of Skibotski.

Like an arrow from a bow, sprung forward the black descendant of the Arab steeds.

For a hundred yards or so, it seemed as if the dark horse would bear the terrified Russian far beyond harm; but then, with a sudden jerk, the shoe parted from the foot, and the horse fell upon his knees, casting his rider over his head.

Then the wild robbers came up, and they stripped Ivan from head to heel. A few scanty rags they gave him to cover his nakedness, and with switches, stings applied, drove him through the forest. The black horse and the rider were never seen again.

"Waste not thy breath, for thou hast none to spare!" cried Ivan, tersely. "The hundred roubles that shalt have, and each one a good fair coin. Know that my uncle, old Paul Skibotski, the grim merchant of Ismail, has knocked at Peter's gate and left me sole heir to a thousand roubles or more."

Minsk stared in astonishment.

"Look not amazed; thy eyes will not bear much trying," Ivan continued. "To-morrow morn, if the saint forbid me not, I shall ride to Ismail to receive my fortune."

"Good luck go with you!" exclaimed Minsk, seizing the young man by the hand and pressing it warmly. "Come, take a stoup of brandy, son-in-law, that is to be. We'll drink to thy prosperous journey and a safe escape from robbers on the way."

"I fear not that," Ivan replied, proudly, "Heaven be praised! I can wield my arms as well as any Cossack of the Don or turbaned robber from the covers of the Carpathian chain; besides, my horse here is wondrous fleet of foot; his sire was a Turkish steed, fresh from the desert."

Then into the house went the two; they pledged each other in stoups of brandy and thus ratified the compact.

Catherine was summoned and her destiny made known to her.

She offered no remonstrance, although she hated the greedy and boastful Ivan worse than if he had been a Turk. She knew her father's way; knew, too, that for silver roubles he would have married her to the fiend himself, if Satan had bid high enough.

Ivan departed, and Catherine, when her household duties were fulfilled, and the shades of the night had come, crept from the house and sought counsel of her godmother, an old dame, who lived in a little hut on the outskirts of the town. She was reputed to be a wise woman, as those dames were called who could read the future and predict which grain would grow and which ship escape the peril of wind and wave.

To her godmother Catherine told her trouble, and the dame listened attentively.

"And Ivan will ride to Ismail to morrow?" she asked.

Catherine nodded assent.

"The way is long, three hundred versts or more; dangerous, too, for wild and fierce robbers lurk within the wood of Novimir, close to the river Pruth," the wise woman said, thoughtfully. "I will help thee, god-daughter, for Ivan, the son of Skibotski, is a wicked wretch. No longer agonize than yesterday he threatened to lay his whip across my old shoulders if I gleaned a few worthless grains in his fields."

The old woman rose, and from her cupboard she took a pair of pincers.

"God-daughter, you know the stable where Ivan keeps his black steed?"

"Yes, godmother," Catherine replied.

"Go there to-night, take a measure of food for the horse, put it into his manger, and when he eats, lift up the right forefoot, and with this pair of pincers loosen a nail in the shoe."

"Is that all?" the girl asked, in wonder.

"Yes, my child; the simplest means oftentimes produces the greatest results. You loosen the nail; Ivan's folly and wickedness will do the rest."

Catherine thanked her godmother, took the pincers and hurried home. She took a measure of grain in her apron, and stealing from the house, sought the stable where the black steed pawed with his shodden hoofs.

The girl patted the sleek sides of the beast and poured the grain into the manger. The horse began to eat. The maid lifted up the right forefoot of the animal and with the pin-

cers loosened a nail in the shoe. This done, she hurried away and sought her home. She had perfect faith that the charm would work.

The next morning, Ivan rose betimes and after breaking his fast, furnished up his arms and called for his steed.

The horse was brought, Ivan mounted, and then, as he gathered up the reins, the horse pawed impatiently, and a keen-eyed stable-lad saw the loosened nail.

"Stay a bit, master!" he cried, "till I run for a smith! There is a nail loose."

"The wit is loose in thy head, doit!" Ivan retorted, angrily: "Dost thou think that I will stay an hour for a bungling smith, when time presses?"

And without more words, Ivan gave the horse his head and galloped on.

A hundred versts he made that day, stopping but once for bite and sup, and at night he rested in a wayside inn.

In the morning, when the horse was brought, the stable-boy told him that a nail was loose in one of the fore-shoes.

"I know it, dull-head!" Ivan replied, and galloped on.

A hundred versts he made, the second day, still the nail held, only loose, nothing more.

And on the third night he rode into Ismail. The fortress left by his uncle he received, and he carefully sewed up the precious roubles in the interior of his saddle. Sure, no robber would think of a common saddle lined with roubles!

On the morning of the fourth day, he mounted his horse and rode away homeward.

Still the warning came whereso'er he haled, "a nail is loose;" still he made reply: "I know it; it will serve."

The night of the fifth day, when he halted, it was only a hundred versts or so from home.

In the morning a new cry met his ears.

"Brother, a nail is gone!"

"Let it be; I have but a hundred versts to ride."

"And the others are loose," said a smith in the throng of idlers gathered around the horse, examining the shoe as he spoke.

"And you, I judge, are a smith and wish to take some kopeks from me!" Ivan cried, with a sneer.

"By Saint Peter!" exclaimed the smith, loudly, "I spoke not that, and if you are too poor to pay, I'll fix the shoe and charge thee nothing."

"See how difficult it is to maintain independence without neutrality!" Mr. Raeburn, have you been betraying me?"

"I hope I know my duty better. We of the sterner sex have a qualm over the application of that word:

"Men will keep a secret well."

"Women vow the same—and tell."

"A cynic who deserves hanging by his own lines. Mr. Romaine, this person taking himself off through fear of a return shot is one of the incorrigibles who scoffs at all authority, who laughs at all opposition."

"Rira bien, gai rira le dernier," spoke Raeburn over his shoulder, as he walked away. A vague impression of antipathy between these two struggled into Harley's mind as he felt the slight involuntary clenching of the gloved fingers which now rested within his arm.

"If foam is any thing it is bitter," she said, lightly. "Let us return to Billows. The boat pleased me, fresh, pliant, and racy enough to warrant the name."

"You are too generous to my maiden effort. I was not mistaken; then it is to whom I owe that flattering review which made such popularity as my fragmentary work gained."

"Mosaic, I should call it. A picture is sometimes an unwritten poem; you attained the rarer results of placing your poems in one melodic, sunshiny, summy scene. Regarding myself, you are right. Don't deprecate your work, Mr. Romaine. It is so seldom I can speak candidly and approvingly, that the exceptional occasions are like cases in my desert way. Have you seen all the lions here? I wonder if you are past the awe they inspire?"

"I confess not, at the risk of provoking a smile from you. As you are strong, be merciful!"

"We should all stagnate if it were not for the fresh current circulated by just such neophytes as you. Have you been the rounds, and are you properly impressed by the enchanted part?"

"I venture you will be surprised in this case. Let me act cicero; I am one of the few who have the freedom of the place, as perhaps you know." She drew him from the retired corner to mingle with the steady stream.

"I know so little of those wonders, remember?" Then finding the sequence to a previous remark of hers—Do you like your work, Mrs. Loyd?"

"In a general sense—yes! All mankind being at war, I like the excitement of the onslaught. My mission is to write reviews and critiques, which give a wide scope for all bitter and sarcastic flings I have the will to bestow. You are not apt to understand the satisfaction of it, which is learned through fewer ups than downs."

"You know how to deal gently, however."

"And might be better for exercising the knowledge more freely. Look; there is your Haroun—a woman—Paulette!"

Romaine's eyes went in the direction indicated. A lithe, tall, willowy shape, masked, but not otherwise disguised. She was moving on the arm of a black domino, and as he looked was gone. Once more he detected that slight working of Mrs. Loyd's fingers. He may have been fanciful, but it seemed the hardly repressed inclination of a deadly clutch.

"Shall we follow?" she asked, quite distinctly, but in a voice so low and level that he involuntarily inclined his head nearer.

"The fitting view has only whetted my curiosity. There is a history, is there not—a hidden tragedy of some sort?"

"A story at least. A marriage in haste repented at leisure; mad infatuation rapidly cooling; distrust, aversion, hatred, and fierce, bitter pride over all; a whisper of a man's faithlessness, a woman's jealousy, a dagger-stroke in the dark—these are the headings of the chapters. Result, not the death that a bold aim had marked, though it was purried by only a hair's breadth; the husband, Lothario or not, fairly breaks the bond, which is known to be but a semblance; makes good his loss by leaving Paulette his money, and disappears. For the perfection of this 'over true tale,' pity there is no finale."

There was a pressure about them just at that

—a surge through a doorway momentarily closing the advance. He inclined his head again, thinking she had added something.

"Did you speak?"

"No." It was odd, he had such a strong impression of that level voice changed, sibilant and vindictive, yet agitated, also. Another fancy: the scene must surely have affected Romaine strangely, but he beheld a black brigand in an alcove, by which they were swept, standing immovable as a Colossus in his niche. The crowd fell back and the way opened just then.

"Will you pardon me for leaving you here for a moment?" asked the sibyl, glancing back, a quivering anxiety about her. "I have lost something, a bracelet. No, wait, please; I am familiar with the place and can find it more readily alone."

She was gone instantly. There was a curtain beside him. He lifted it and passed into a passage which a single point of light left vaguely obscure. He was relieved to be rid of his companion. Her magnetism was of that kind

which left him shuddering with aversion the moment her immediate influence was removed. With the desire to escape her return he went forward; a turn, a few steps, and a glow of full mellow light met him. This was the music-room, a double apartment, an arch, from which heavy sweeping draperies were looped back, dividing it. Where he stood was deep shadow.

Beyond the arch and in that full glow, her mask removed, and her face, circlean-fair and rapt in a bliss which might have been of heaven, was Paulette—the wife whose hand had nifed a dagger at her husband's heart: a man's form was there, too—not distinctly visible first but taking one step forward and standing disclosed. It was Raeburn—Raeburn, with his secret written on his face. Man, not worshipping, never looked at woman with that depth of infinite and devoted sadness in his eyes.

With a start Romaine turned his head. Some sense subtler than hearing told him other presence was of his back. Like a shadow man and a shadow woman two stood there—the man's gaze fixed on the pair within, the woman's on him. The brigand had left his retreat. Mrs. Loyd had found what she sought—not a bracelet—but neither saw him.

"How can you doubt?" she asked, in that whispering tone which had been vague to him before. "Can you believe them both any thing but unworthy with that evidence before your eyes?"

"Heaven forgive her freely as I do," fell from the brigand's ashy lips.

"Forgive her!" Such scorn, such malignant hate in her accents! "Forgive her for striking at your life, for the dishonor of a friend, her own perfidy. You may forgive her, but I never shall."

Romaine saw what the other did not, a forward, upward, stealthy movement of her hand. Swift as a flash its meaning came to him, and he flung himself forward in a blind, fierce impulse to oppose her.

He opened his eyes, and presto! all the scene was changed. Surely this was Raeburn's room, but over his shoulder, as he walked away, was all the scene of his life.

"And consecrated ground as well. You remind me of my own littleness before such an authority as I think I recognize in Mrs. Loyd."

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